

The Sketch

No. 1319—Vol. CII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1918

NINEPENCE.



A NURSE FROM THE OUTBREAK OF WAR: THE HON. FRANCES FITZALAN-HOWARD.

The Hon. Frances Alice Mary Fitzalan-Howard is the daughter of the second Baron Howard of Glossop, by his second marriage, and was born in 1892. At the outbreak of the war she took up nursing at Charing Cross Hospital, afterwards showing equal devotion and aptitude for such work at a hospital in Derbyshire. Her brother, the Hon.

Philip Fitzalan-Howard, is a Lieutenant in the Welsh Guards, and her half-brother, who was a Captain in Lovat's Scouts Yeomanry, and is still in the Army, is the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, who married the Baroness Beaumont, and has two little sons, the Hon. Miles Francis and the Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

THERE is not the slightest truth in the rumour that, on the occasion of the brilliant Zeebrugge affair, the following signal was flashed from Sir Roger Keyes's flag-ship—

"BRIGHTON EXPECTS THAT THIS NIGHT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

RECORDED CONVERSATIONS.

(For the Benefit of Posterity.)

On the "Jerusalem Limited."

FIRSTSTEIN. Read the official account of the Zeebrugge business?

SECONDSTEIN. Oh, yes. A fine bit of work.

FIRSTSTEIN. You bet. Good many of our chaps killed, though.

SECONDSTEIN. They expected that. They were all volunteers.

FIRSTSTEIN. Yes, yes. After all, it's a sailor's business.

SECONDSTEIN. Have a decent lunch to-day?

FIRSTSTEIN. Dozen oysters. Bit of salmon. Bill came to eleven-and-six.

SECONDSTEIN. It's a shame! That's what it is!

FIRSTSTEIN. Country's going to the dogs.

SECONDSTEIN. No doubt about it. And it'll be a fish dinner to-night.

FIRSTSTEIN. Good Lord! I'd forgotten that! I'll tell you what it is, old man, flesh and blood won't stand it much longer!

SECONDSTEIN. Let me ask you one question, my poor friend. What is the Navy doing?

INTERVIEW WITH LORD KNEEPLUSH.

(With Apologies to an Expert Interviewer.)

Lord Kneeplush is undoubtedly the most remarkable man the war has yet produced. Small, lithe, active, energetic, dominating, tireless, courageous, enthusiastic, cosmic, illimitable, nectarous, polemic, epistemologic, mixtilinear, and yet sideroscopic withal, he is pre-eminently the right man in the right place. To have a short chat with this monosyllabic Minister is an education in itself. His eyebrows work rapidly as he converses in short, sharp sentences characteristic of the man of action.

"It is a law of economics," he said, "that increased demands for an essential, more particularly, if not exclusively, in times of comparative shortage,

will advance the price of that essential to a point qualitative rather than parallelogrammatic. This is the foundation of that basic law which, as we learnt at our mothers' knees, is also the foundation of our hierarchic subscapular."

I bowed.

"Obviously, the construction of a machine that shall evolve from the pristine chaos of patriarchy a co-ordination of irremissibilities confronts one with a problem, not indeed insuperable, but

essentially and tangibly complicated. I do not profess to have accomplished the impossible, but I do modestly claim, in my brief, jerky way, to have mopped the floor, as you Americans would so graphically put it, with the muddle-headed chump who preceded me in this office."

THE ACTUAL INTERVIEW.

LORD KNEEPLUSH. Yes? What is it?

INTERVIEWER. Oh, say, Lord, I just called around for that little chat you were kind enough to promise me over the 'phone.

LORD KNEEPLUSH. Well?

INTERVIEWER. I reckoned I'd just lead off with some picturesque stuff about your personality, Lord, and then we'd get on to the goods. I think you can leave it to me to put your viewpoint good and strong in the right Ministerial language. That's what goes with the public. If I made you talk the way you would talk if I let

you talk, the public wouldn't have no sort of use either for you or the blame interview. So I'll just chuck your weight about for you with the fine-sounding phrases, and pretty well dot the "i" of your predecessor in office.

LORD KNEEPLUSH. He was an ass.

INTERVIEWER. I guess that's so. If you have no objection, I'll make you express unimpeachable sentiments about the truly noble efforts of my fellow-countrymen, who are undoubtedly the greatest—

LORD KNEEPLUSH. Quite right.

INTERVIEWER. Then I won't detain you any longer. Should you wish a proof, I'll have one alongside in a couple of hours, and you can cut it across or any old way takes your fancy. Good-morning to you, Lord, and my best appreciations.



A PRETTY WAR-TIME WEDDING: CAPTAIN BOURNE-MAY AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S.

Miss Alexa Jameson, daughter of the late Lord Ardwall and Lady Ardwall, had a very pretty wedding on April 29, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with six bridesmaids and two train-bearers. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bourne-May, of Hackinsall, near Fleetwood, Lancashire. Captain Bourne-May was reported missing early in the war, but, a fortnight later, the report was "wounded," not missing. The bride was given away by her second brother, Captain J. G. Jameson, Scottish Horse, in the absence, in France, of her eldest brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson-McCulloch, Dragoon Guards. Major Lloyd, D.S.O., M.C., Coldstream Guards, was best man.—[Photograph by C.N.]

TIME-TABLE OF A JOB-BING GARDENER.

8.0 a.m.—Arrive in garden.
8.5 a.m.—Look at weather.
8.10 a.m.—Unlock tool-shed.
8.15 a.m.—Select tools.
8.35 a.m.—Proceed to scene of labours.
8.45 a.m.—Look at weather.
8.50 a.m.—Remove and hang up coat.
8.55 a.m.—Spit on hands.
9.0 a.m.—Look at weather.
9.5 a.m.—Dig gently.
9.10 a.m.—Rest. Regard weather.
9.30 a.m.—Spit on hands.

9.35 a.m.—Hoe up weed.

9.35 to 11.0 a.m.—Chat to gardener in next garden.

11.0 a.m.—Lunch.

Noon.—Get ready for dinner.

2.30 p.m.—Remove and hang up coat.

2.40 p.m.—Pick dandelion.

4.0 p.m.—Tea.

5.0 p.m.—Put on coat and ask for employer.

5.5 p.m.—Pocket eight shillings and go home.

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Not Quite the Village Pump!



"Divil a bit conscripshun ye get from me, bedad, till I'm forced."

in those days, a compulsory walk was considered an essential part of the cure; now those who list may drive, free of charge, to the sulphur well so early in the morning.

A Favourite Song. Lady Garioch's song, "We Have a Dreamland, You and I" is running "God Send You Back to Me" pretty close as a favourite with the lads in blue. Lady Garioch is hard at work entertaining convalescent soldiers wherever she goes, and plays just the sort of tunes the lads love on the piano. She believes in encouraging them to sing—they are all artists, she declares. Lady Garioch inherits her talent for music from her mother, Mrs. Heathcote, of Manton Hall, Oakham, who is a fine organist as well as pianist.

Religion in Art. Mr. W. Aumonier had a small exhibition of his work at the Aumonier Studios on April 30 in

aid of the funds of St. Dunstan's, at which Priscilla Countess of Annesley presided. Mr. Aumonier's pieces represent the poetry of religion in sculpture, and they certainly have a unique quality and charm. The Hon. Mrs. Edwardes—whose house, at 7, Herbert Crescent, has been a home to so many Overseas officers—has a collection of Mr. Aumonier's work, as has also her daughter, Lady Gleichen.

A Sporting Baronet.

Sir William Williams, who owns large estates in Wales, is a keen sportsman, and used at one time to breed horses. He has one in training at Newmarket at the present moment named Pyrotan, after the Pyrotan leather which the Government are employing so much of late, and in which Sir William has interested himself greatly. Bodelwyddan Castle, in North Wales, is one of his estates, though at the moment the castle itself has been converted into a hospital for officers, while two hospitals for "Tommies" have been built in the grounds. The soldiers, in fact, enjoy themselves mightily there, for there is fishing and any amount of sport to be had; while the gardens and hot-houses are stocked to abundance with all kinds of fruit. Sir William has one sweet little child, a small daughter of

There seems to be no off season at Harrogate now; there are many visitors of note in the town. At the Crown, Sir George Pollard, Major Anstruther, and Brigadier-General and Mrs. Phelps are staying. The Majestic numbers among its guests Lady Newborough, Lord Lilford, Sir William Raynor, Major-General H. C. Lowther, Colonel and Mrs. Percy Bell, and Miss Demetriades. The Hon. Mrs. Atkinson is at the Stray Hotel; and Lady Sleight is staying with a party at the Cairn Hydro. The Grand Duchess

George of Russia, the Rajah of Ratlam, Sir Algernon and Lady Firth, and Sir Samuel Roberts, M.P., are all stopping at the Queen's. This is one of the oldest hotels in the town—it was established in 1671. Evidently,



APPOINTED DEPUTY CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF AT THE WAR OFFICE: MAJ.-GEN. C. H. HARINGTON.

Photographs by Basiano.



WIFE OF THE NEW DEPUTY CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF AT THE WAR OFFICE: MRS. HARINGTON.

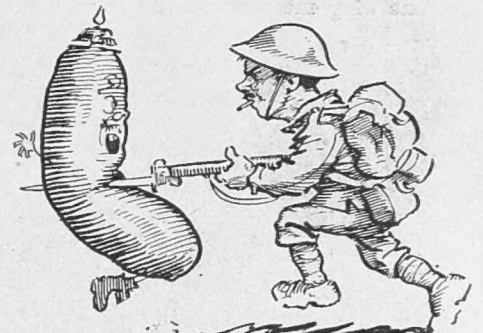


APPOINTED A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL: MR. H. E. DUKE, K.C., M.P., EX-CHIEF IRISH SECRETARY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

A Pleasant Place of Rendezvous.

The Duchess of Norfolk's house in St. James's Square is proving a much-appreciated rendezvous for the womenfolk of our Overseas fighting men. I went there some time ago to a concert given by students from the Royal Academy of Music—the artists were all girls from South Africa. On Thursdays there is a concert for members of the club, and on Tuesdays a concert for officers from the Overseas Club. The Hon. Mrs. Edwardes, who has been such a devoted and faithful friend to our kinsmen from Overseas, attends these Tuesday concerts each week. Every time I have been to the club I have found Lady Hilda Murray at her post; she has made herself responsible for the organisation of the club, and is there from 10.30 a.m. to 7 and 8 every evening. She is one of the most beautiful women in Society, and has undertaken this heavy task and discharged it faithfully for many months. The Duchess of Norfolk, I hear, attends nearly every club committee meeting, and shows a very real interest in its welfare.



BOTULISM.

That nasty poisonous little germ.

Heredity and Variation.

The Philosophy Circle of the Lyceum Club gave a most interesting dinner on the evening of Monday, April 29. Lord Clifford of Chudleigh gave an illuminating address on Heredity and Variation. How strong heredity is, these statistics will show. Assuming that, in one generation, there are 7 per cent. of folk so gifted that they can lay claim to genius, and 93 per cent. of people with average intelligence, then, in the ensuing generation, 5 per cent. of the peculiarly gifted will be found to be descended from the elect 7 per cent. of the preceding generation, and only 2 per cent. from the mediocre 93 per cent., though it is probable that the superman will be found among that 2 per cent. Other most interesting speeches were given by Mr. Cheng, Mr. Jamabe, Lady Blomfield, and Sir William Barrett, who told what the Society of Psychical Research had accomplished.

A la Robinson.

A nice adaptation of means to ends is to be found in the design and construction of the new Y.M.C.A. hostel in St. James's Square. Like so many things just now, it is evidently intended to be temporary only, and the building therefore conforms to its environment. There are, as everybody knows, trees in St. James's Square, and, rather than cut them down, the architect of the hostel has so arranged that building that the trees may continue their development through holes in the roof, the trunks being thus in the interior, while the branches and foliage sway in the wind above. American soldiers who may become habitués of this hostel will be free to imagine that they are in a war-time edition of the time-honoured and venerable Cocoa-Tree Club.



THE DIAMOND QUEUE. Before the Luxury Tax comes in.



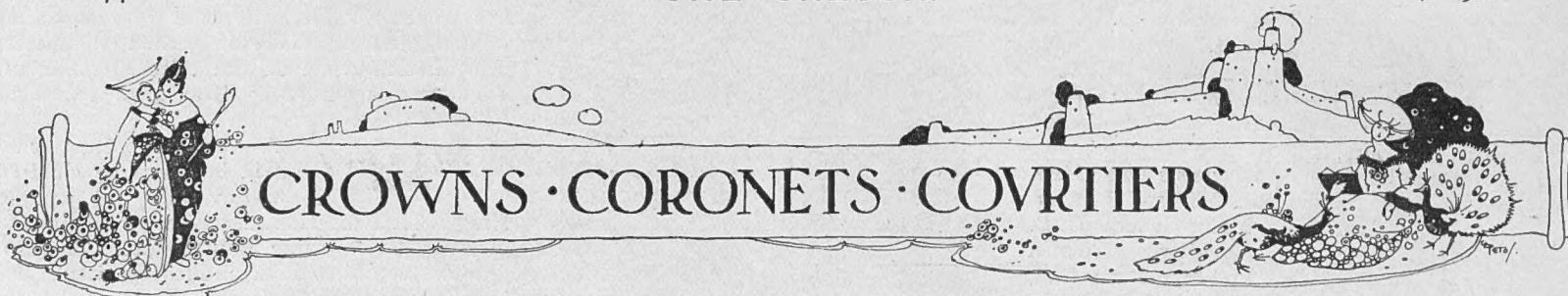
COLLECTING ON HORSES' DAY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE COUNTESS OF CARNWATH, MRS. McMICKING, AND LADY ALICE MAHON, AT PRINCE'S RESTAURANT.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Company.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO HEROES OF THE ZEEBRUGGE AND OSTEND RAID: PRINCESS MARY AT A WOUNDED MAN'S BEDSIDE IN A NAVAL HOSPITAL.

Photograph by G.P.U.



LADY LYTTON and the Lytton children have been making a stay at Knebworth, chiefly delighting in the wild-flower harvests of the spring. These are, perhaps, all the more delightful to the denizens of any rather formal house, with ornate gardens, statue-studded. The very flowers in the beds that old Bulwer planned at Knebworth wore a pompous air. His grandson, the present Earl, has done a little half-clandestine clearing-out. Sham temples have ceased to desecrate the lawns, and the Pompeian interior has given place to later simplicities. The author of "The Last of the Barons," strangely enough, lived up to that title-rôle. He gained by his politics and by his pen this first family step in the Peerage. "It is for you to make the second," he coolly, perhaps even ironically, remarked to his son, Robert, as they rode together one May morning in the Park. Nothing seemed less likely. Yet

Robert went that one better. He made his father the last of the Barons by becoming the first of the Earls. And some people say that the second of the Earls may yet become the first of the Marquesses, so ably is he doing his Admiralty job.

Another happy spring party in the country has been that of Lady Glenconner and her younger children at Wilsford Manor, Salisbury. If they kept their mother busy, in a nice holiday way, writing down any new sayings of theirs, we shall all hope to have part in that relaxation. They are connoisseurs of all the colours now astir in the woods—the "good-natured browns" and "the lovely forgiving blues." "You know," said one of the children, "the most beautiful lilies in all the village grow in Mr. Eyres' garden, and"—spreading his arms in compassion—"Mr. Eyres is blind." That sentiment has a new pathos now, when sightless men are daily returning from the war. The simplicities of country life are, perhaps, appreciated more than ever before, even by the grown-ups; and Lady Glenconner herself seems to record with a fellow-feeling one of her children's estimate of a town lady with a great social manner: "I don't much care for those sort of kiss-about women, do you?"

The Empress Eugénie keeps her ninety-second birthday this month. That, short of a miracle, a

the Empress Eugénie; Alexander, after Queen Alexandra; and Douglas, after his father. Sir Eric Geddes, who is with the King as godfather, just as Queen Alexandra is with the Empress as godmother, would have lent the boy his fourth name if Sir Eric had not insisted on its being Douglas instead.



"MENTIONED" FOR WAR-WORK: THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

The Countess of Essex, who has been "mentioned" for her zeal and devotion as a nurse, was married to the eighth Earl in 1905. Before her marriage, Lady Essex was Miss Mary Eveline Freeman.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

whose engagement to Miss Ida Morley has been announced, is English of the English. He has won his Military Cross, and he was educated at Downside, a Roman Catholic college which has achieved a brilliant record in the war. Major de la Pasture's sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, wrote "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," among other novels. After her widowhood she married Sir Hugh Clifford, himself an author of racy merit. His brother, General Clifford, fell in this war; and his father, too, was a General of repute. King Edward had a decided partiality for him, and for the de la Pastures too. He gave a little sign of this friendship when he had one of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's plays, "Peter's Mother," privately performed at Sandringham.

Mrs. Duxbury's Mission.

Mr. Sargent is in Boston, and has there heard of the successful sale of his second £10,000



WAR NURSE IN FRANCE: MISS IRENE HART.

Miss Hart is the daughter of Mrs. Arnold Ellert, and niece of the late Sir Robert Hart, G.C.M.G. She is an accomplished musician, and has both nursed and entertained many wounded soldiers.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

Lord Denbigh, who has been so strenuously doing his bit in speeches and letters about the dangers of a German Middle-Europe, belongs to a family with Austrian associations. He is a Knight of the Holy Roman Empire, and before the war, when those things were coveted, there was a misty connection between the Feildings and the Hapsburgs which the war has dispelled. Lord Denbigh's daughters are as assiduous as their father. Lady Dorothea's ambulance work at the front made a record ended only by her marriage with Mr. Moore. Lady Marjorie was hardly behind her sister; and now Lady Clare, trained by the Women's Legion—now called the War Service Legion—is on duty in town as a motor-driver, wearing the red tab of Lady Londonderry's corps on her khaki.

Despite his surname and his title, Major the Marquis de la Pasture,



DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN PEER: MISS JOAN DICKSON-POYNDER.

Miss Dickson-Poynder is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Islington, whose town house, in Chesterfield Gardens, is being used as a hospital for wounded officers.

Photograph by Yevonde.

canvas for the Red Cross. Mrs. Percival Duxbury, of Bury, is the fortunate lady whom he is to be fortunate enough to paint. That must wait till the war is over—a palmy day that has as yet no date. Mr. Duxbury's romantic cheque will not delay, however. Mr. Sargent is still on strike against sitters on any ordinary terms. He tired of the job, and even got "nervy" over it. What he will not do for his own pleasure and profit he gladly does for the gilding of the Red Cross, which is becoming a golden cross indeed. The portrait of President Wilson which he did for the Hugh Lane canvas was the portrait of a Man. But Mrs. Duxbury's will be the first large-sized presentment of a Woman made by him since he registered his vow against portraiture, now some years ago. If the pleasures of painting Mrs. Duxbury lead him back to portrait-painting, the Red Cross will have scored.



FILIA PULCHRA, MATER PULCHRIOR LADY MAINWARING AND HER DAUGHTER. Lady Mainwaring, wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, fifth Baronet, was, before her marriage in 1913, Miss Generis Alma Windham Williams-Bulkeley, daughter of Sir Richard Henry Williams-Bulkeley, twelfth Baronet. Her little daughter, Diana Eina Claude, was born in 1914.

Photograph by Swaine.

godmother of ninety-two cannot expect to see her godchild through any troubles except teething is what the Empress told Sir Douglas and Lady Haig when they asked her to stand sponsor for their son. But they would take no excuses. The Empress goes back over sixty years in memory to the days when she too was arranging all the details for the baptism of her own only son. No prophet is needed to foretell that the little Haig baby will, of course, inherit a peerage; but meanwhile his names are his sufficient distinction—George, after the King; Eugénie, after

THE ASQUITH-MANNERS WEDDING: A PICTURESQUE CEREMONY.



UNDER AN ARCH OF NEW ZEALAND OFFICERS' SWORDS:
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH.



BROTHER AND SISTER: CAPTAIN C. ASQUITH
AND MISS E. ASQUITH.



THE EX-PREMIER ARRIVING: (L. TO R.) MISS ELIZABETH
ASQUITH, MR. ASQUITH, AND LADY MANNERS.



THE BRIDEGROOM ARRIVING UNDER A FLORAL ARCH:
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ARTHUR ASQUITH, D.S.O.



EX-PREMIER'S DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW:
SIR MAURICE AND LADY BONHAM-CARTER.



WITH HER FATHER (LORD MANNERS) AND HER LITTLE
TRAIN-BEARER: THE BRIDE (THE HON. BETTY MANNERS).

Brigadier-General Arthur Asquith, the ex-Premier's third son, and the Hon. Betty Manners, twin daughter of Lord and Lady Manners, of Avon Tyrrell, Christchurch, were married at Thorney Hill, Christchurch, on April 30. The bride's train-bearer was a little girl of three, Miss Mead. New Zealand officers from Lord Manners' Convalescent Hospital

formed a guard of honour. Brigadier-General Asquith fought at Antwerp, the Dardanelles, and in France. He has been thrice wounded, and received the D.S.O. with two bars, "for conspicuous gallantry and devotion." Recently he became Controller of the Trench-Warfare Department, Ministry of Munitions.—[Photographs by C.N.]

SMALL TALK



"THE best-dressed woman in Society" and "the smartest one in khaki" are two of the ways in which her friends describe Lady Massereene and Ferrard, whose practical work as Commandant of the Canteen Section of Lady Londonderry's War Service Legion, if it curtails her opportunities for indulging in purely social pleasures, does not prevent her dressing well when she can manage to find time for a rest from her labours as "inspectress," organiser, and adviser-in-chief on such practical things as cheap meals, varied "war menus," and devices for saving "grease" in the national interest. We are always being warned that the food shortage will not cease with the war, so Lady Massereene's first-hand experience of ways and means of food-saving ought to stand her in good stead when Lord Rhondda ceases from rationing and Mr. Clynes can take a rest, though the "maigre" menus of Mayfair these days leave very little margin for further retrenchment.

A Food Surprise.

Apropos the subject of food, though we are all growing accustomed to the use of strange eat-

ables, to find a recipe for squirrel-soup in the newest of the many war-cookery books is warranted to give the reader a thrill of surprise. Fortified by years of practical experience in Canada, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest has just been adding to her reputation as a practical writer on household subjects by the publication of "Soup, Oysters, and Surprise," wherein, with the squirrel and other things, the stock-pot comes in for a generous share of recognition. We have, it appears, overlooked the importance of this humble but essentially useful article. If we could only realise it, "The national use of the stock-pot stands for national thrift and for an increase in our national prosperity greater than many social reformers dream."

Millionaire and Sportsman.

Sir Abe Bailey is a rather unusual combination. The millionaire—especially the Rand millionaire—is not usually a sportsman, unless it is by proxy. But Sir Abe Bailey

has not only rendered great services to Imperial cricket, but is himself a good performer in more than one direction. His last act in volunteering for the Front is not the least sportsmanlike of his career.

Then and Now.

The curious, perhaps unique, legacy of a collection of tales, funny stories, puzzles, and so on, from the "little Milner's safe" or in the "pocket-book" of Mr. Benjamin Corless Sykes, who has left an estate of more than £200,000, makes one think. Few people know the pleasure to be got from looking through a collection of cuttings when it has been drawn from many sources and deals with many subjects. Many contain, perhaps, half-a-dozen words which set

memory in motion and revive dead days that, but for a phrase or two, might have seemed dead beyond recall. Mr. Sykes, in his quaint gift, may, as Emerson said, have "builded better than he knew." Mr. Sykes gave, also, the contents of the "museum" at his house to the Free Public Museum in William Brown Street, Liverpool. There is something that would have appealed to "Elia" in the whole incident.

Pacific Heroes.

One of the most lovable traits about our greatest fighting men is that while they are the bravest of the brave, they are not at all militarist in spirit. I am reminded of this fact in reading the biography of Captain Ball, V.C., the wonderful airman, who was described by no less an authority than General Trenchard as "quite out of the ordinary." Though he had engaged in more than a hundred fights before he met his fate, and was always eager for work, he did not really like war. In his last letter to the girl he was engaged to occurs the following: "Won't it be nice when all this beastly killing is over, and we can just enjoy ourselves and not hurt anyone? I hate this game, but it is the only thing one must do just now."

Political Changes.

The difficulty of knowing who's who in our swollen Ministry is increased by the recent changes. I fancy the re-shuffle is not even now complete; the Irish business, when it develops, is pretty sure to lead to more changes. Meantime, we may welcome Mr. Shortt to the Irish Secretaryship, once held (as the curious in these matters are not slow to remind us) by Mr. Long. By the way, what a number of ex-Irish Secretaries these islands now hold—Lord Bryce, Mr. Long, Lord Morley, Mr. Duke, and Mr. Birrell at once come to my memory. I wonder whether one of them can really look back on his experiences with any great satisfaction. Perhaps Mr. Long had the happiest time; he came between two storms, and reaped a reputation for exemplary firmness and common-sense. I hardly envy Mr. Shortt; and Mr. Duke is likely to be happier in the Court of Appeal than he has been since he took the reins from Mr. Birrell after the rebellion of two years ago. Concerning the other legal

appointment—that of Lord Justice Swinfen Eady to the Mastership of the Rolls—I hear nothing but satisfaction from the lawyers, who have a very high opinion of him as a Judge. Like one or two present occupants of the Bench, he qualified first in the lower branch of the profession before he took wig and gown. He is not only one of the ablest of our Judges, but one of the most courteous and considerate. He must be wealthy for a professional man, since some time ago he bought the Duke of Orleans' beautiful place at Wood Norton, near Evesham.



ENGAGED: MISS IRENE WOOLLEY.

Miss Irene Woolley, whose engagement to Major T. C. Howitt, D.S.O., Leicester Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, of Hucknall, Notts, is announced, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Woolley, of Beckworth, Strawberry Hill, Middlesex.

Photograph by Swaine.



TITLED SON OF A GALLANT FATHER: SIR JOHN LODOVICK SWINNERTON DYER, BT.

The father of this handsome boy-Baronet (he is only four years old) was Captain Sir John Swinnerton Dyer, M.C., Scots Guards, who was killed in action last year. His mother, widow of the twelfth Baronet, was, before her marriage in 1912, Miss Maud Turner, daughter of Mr. W. H. Turner, of West Australia.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED: MISS A. F. GODBY.

Miss Adeline Frances Godby, whose engagement to Lieutenant Alec William Sproull, R.E., son of the late Mr. A. M. Sproull, B.E., of Honolulu, H.I., and Mrs. Sproull, Bexhill-on-Sea, is announced, is the eldest daughter of Brig.-Gen. C. Godby, R.E., C.M.G., and Mrs. Godby, of Grayshott.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED: MISS DULCIE CHEESMAN.

Miss Dulcie Cheesman, whose engagement to Major J. Vaughan, M.C., The Buffs, has just been announced, is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Sidney Cheesman, of Cliffside, Cliftonville.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED: MISS HUMPHERY.

Miss Marguerite Humphery, whose engagement to Lieutenant Rupert De la Bere, East Surrey Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. De la Bere, Addlestone, is announced, is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir John and Lady Humphery, Addlestone.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

LORD JELLCOE'S SON AND HEIR: HIS FIRST PORTRAIT.



LORD JELLCOE'S BABY SON—WITH HIS ELDEST SISTER, THE HON. LUCY JELLCOE, AND THE YOUNGEST.

Viscountess Jellicoe, whose illness has aroused much sympathy, gave birth to a son on April 4. Thus Lord Jellicoe now has a male heir to his peerage, which had been conferred on him with special remainder to the eldest of his four daughters and the others in succession. It is an interesting coincidence that Sir Douglas Haig is in like case, for his

family consisted of two daughters only until his little son, whose first photograph appeared in "The Sketch" of April 10, was born on March 16. Lady Jellicoe is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Cayzer, first Baronet. Lord Jellicoe's four daughters are the Hon. Lucy (born 1903) Myrtle (1908), Norah (1910), and Prudence Jellicoe (1913).

Photograph by G.P.U.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



LEAVE US, OH LAW, OUR DAILY LETTER.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

TELL me, are letters luxuries? And are our soldiers' sweet missives going to be taxed, or is the Budget master making an exception in their favour? The world would be flatter still (with all our due deference to Galileo) if, because of a paltry difference of a few pence, letters from the Front were to become fewer. Lesser letters and no leave—what is there left to live for, I ask you? And this teasing taxation comes at the very moment when we were beginning to re-learn the lost art of letter-writing.

About a fortnight ago one of my "yous" wrote to me from — that between attacks of the fever of the trenches (not trench fever) life was somewhat saltless this spring. Feeling sympathetic and sisterly (I always do towards lonely and amiable "yous"!), I sent him by return several copies of *The Sketch* and *La Vie Parisienne*. Another letter arrived this morning—

"Thanks awfully, Phrynette; but those magazines of yours—it was rather like showing a menu to a hungry man!"

Amusing and apropos, don't you think?

Another "you" writes me from a billet in a French village where, I am sorry to say, the old legend of untravelled days still survives—that legend which makes of every Englishman a lord and a millionaire! And that youthful "you"—who, by the way, is neither millionaire nor lord—while

admitting that nowhere else can a lunch impromptu be quicker prepared or more appetising, adds quaintly, "But, Phrynette, the frightful addition that follows! It is indeed an addition with a vengeance!" There is no adding to the point, *n'est-ce pas*?

And yet another "you," a *poilu* this one, shares with me the following *canard* of his company—

There was once, and there is still, a certain army doctor whose manner was so brusque, and his experience of malingering so long, vast, and varied, that under his inspection most of the young *poilus* on the sick-list shook and shivered as if they all had the plague. On a certain occasion a particular *poilu* who had just come back from his ten days' *permission* shone among his comrades in misfortune (and misfit!) by a calm and a coolness of the most curious.

"And you? What is the matter with you, eh?" thundered the army doctor, surveying suspiciously the silent soldier, who, lamb-like, bleated benignly "That's just what I came to ask you, Sir."

"Don't try to be witty, my man. What is wrong with you, eh? Just come back from leave, of course! What did you do while you were on leave, eh?"

"I went and consulted a chemist, Sir."

"A chemist, eh? Of course, you would! Don't you know that chemists are asses, fools, imbeciles—fit only to cure old women's coughs and sell feeding-bottles? A chemist, humph! I bet he gave you some idiotic advice, eh?"

The soldier, suavely, "He told me to come and consult you, Sir!"

Well, so far the threatened complete annihilation of London from above is hanging fire. A friend of mine who spent her crinkliest on gas-masks for herself and family, without omitting Polly the pug, is seriously thinking of asking for her money back. She has a sort of disappointed feeling that she has been cheated somehow! I can sympathise with her both ways, though it is rather comical having those tragic masks lying

on the hall-stand between John's old golf-cap and baby's bonnet. Masks tragi-comic, they will be the relics of the dreadfulest drama that no Dante dreamt of!

And, still around raids, in one of the catalogues which, even in these times, I confess to perusing with pleasure, I saw a *chic déshabillé* called "La Sirène"—perhaps as an allusion to the whistle signal announcing the callers from the clouds, or as a description of the would-be wearer of the aforesaid gown! It is a dress described as easily slipped on and very practical "in case of alarm." No further explanation—the advertisement leaves it to the intelligence of the readers to understand what sort of alarm is meant. In pre-war days this term would have been misleading. The "alarmed" lady might have been in her bath, for instance, when the plumber appeared at the window on his ladder to repair the plug—then *presto subito*, "La Sirène" to the rescue and appearances are saved! Or, again, the alarm might have been caused by the return of an Othello-like hubby just when Madame was under disconcerting circumstances! But, in these realistic and brutal days, an alarm can only mean one thing—some Bochery!

It seems that, when mentioning the many meritorious musicians who so indefatigably do their best to make our wounded soldiers smile, I have omitted to give praise to the Pierrettes—so says my correspondent—

"DEAR PHRYNETTE,—Have you ever in your columns mentioned any of the troupes of amateur Pierrettes who entertain the patients at military hospitals and at canteens?"

PIERRETTE.

From Lyons' or Maxim's to the Carlton Grill
The restaurants of town I used to know.
Of Wine and Life I often drank my fill
From Hammersmith to Princes, *via* Soho.
To dances, too, and theatres, I would go
(The Beauty Chorus frequently I've seen),
And many girls have made my verses flow;
But so inspired to sing I've never been
As when I heard Pierrette enchant the whole canteen.

She sang among a throng of pretty girls
Attired in black and gold, like clouds at morn—
Pierrette a diamond 'mid a string of pearls;
And should this metaphor appear too worn,
A scarlet poppy 'midst the standing corn
That mocks the fainter hue the field displays,
Or yet a butterfly at noontide borne
On wings of orange sheen through
June's warm haze—
But how can man express perfection in a phrase?

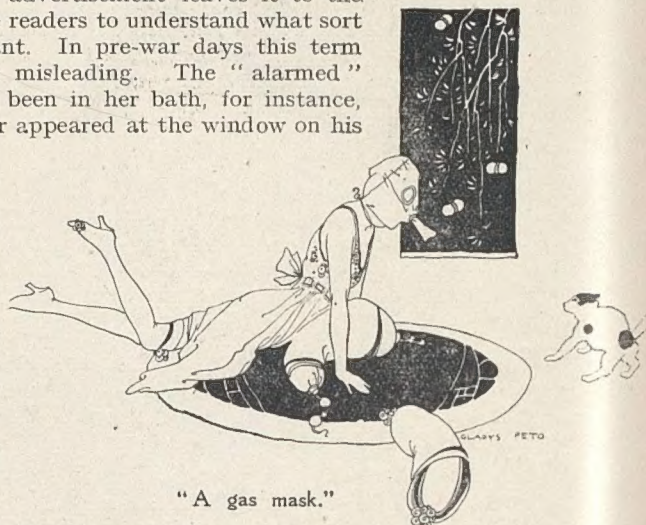
She trilled of Black-eyed Susans till my heart
Fox-trotted, twinkled too, with fiery flame;
But now my Muse protests, "A fool thou art,
What profit from such verses canst thou claim?"

I answer, "Seek, my Muse, a higher aim;
And though I owe to thee a mighty debt,
For thou hast brought me cheques and some small fame,
If all thy gifts now cease, what cause to fret
Should these poor lines win one small smile from Miss Pierrette?"

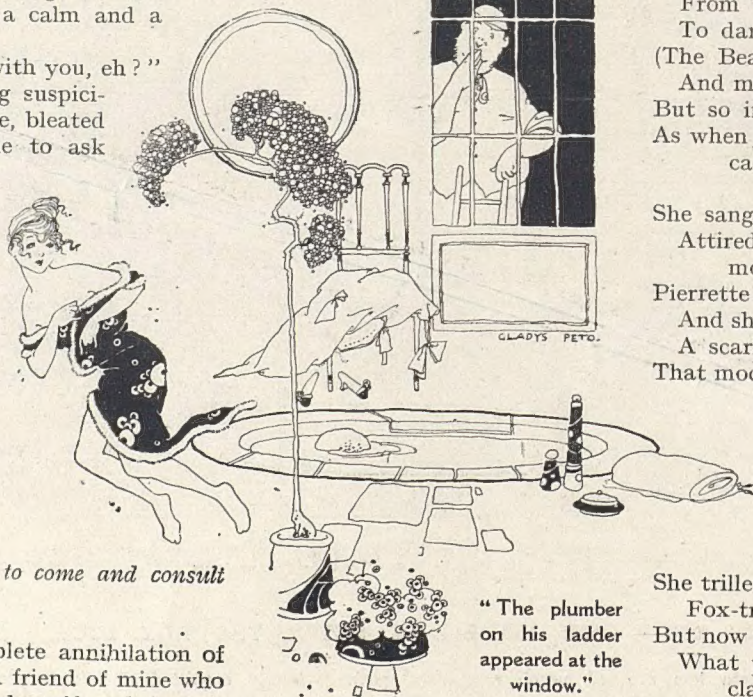
DANIEL CASTELLO.



"A butterfly at noontide borne
On wings of orange sheen thro'
June's warm haze."



"A gas mask."



"The plumber
on his ladder
appeared at the
window."

APPOINTED BY THE KING: THE NEW LADY-IN-WAITING.



TO ATTEND PRINCESS MARY: LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND.

It has been announced that King George has appointed Lady Joan Mulholland to be Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness Princess Mary, on the coming-of-age of that popular young Princess. Lady Joan is the younger daughter of the fifth Earl of Strafford and sister of the

present holder of the title. She was born in 1888, and was married, in 1913, to Captain the Hon. Andrew Mulholland (eldest son of the second Baron Dunleath), who was in the Irish Guards and was killed in action in the early days of the war.

Photograph by Swaine.

A NOTABLE THEATRICAL ENGAGEMENT: THE BRIDE-TO-BE.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN SIR MICHAEL W. S. BRUCE, Br.: MISS AUDREY BENTHAM, OF THE GAITY.

Miss Audrey Bentham is a charming and accomplished young actress who played in "The Beauty Spot," at the Gaiety Theatre. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. J. A. Bentham. Her engagement to Captain Sir Michael W. S. Bruce, eleventh Baronet, of Stenhouse, Stirlingshire, has been announced. Sir Michael is in the Royal Field Artillery, and

has served in the European War. Previously, he was with British S. African Police, S. Rhodesia, against Rebels in Northern Transvaal. He was born on March 27, 1894, and succeeded his father, Sir William Waller Bruce, in 1912. The family claim a common ancestor with the Bruces of Bannockburn.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

A NOTABLE THEATRICAL WEDDING : THE BRIDE.



MARRIED TO A MEMBER OF THE LAST EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN SCOTT : MRS. GRANT (MISS LILY ST. JOHN).

Miss Lily St. John, the pretty and piquant Nichette of "Yes, Uncle!" at the Prince of Wales's, was married on April 29 to Captain Grant, of the Royal Air Force, formerly well known as Lieutenant Trygve Gran, of the Norwegian Navy, who, in 1914, flew from Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire, to Norway. Captain Grant was "ski" expert with

Captain Scott's Expedition, and the first man to look into the tent where the famous explorer lay dead. At her wedding Miss Lily St. John (whose name in private life was Lilian Clara Johnson) was attended by her sister, Miss Mary St. John. Lieutenant J. W. Jackson, Royal Air Force, formerly stage-manager of the Alhambra Theatre, acted as best man.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

ART IN WAR TIME : PORTRAITURE AND SYMBOLISM



"LADY WILLS": A PORTRAIT BY HUGH G. RIVIERE.



"A SPANISH LADY": BY WILLIAM STRANG, A.R.A.



IN SPECIAL CONSTABLE'S UNIFORM: "LORD CLAUD HAMILTON, M.P., M.V.O., D.S.O.," BY SIR ARTHUR S. COPE, R.A.



"THE HON. LADY BAILEY AND HER DAUGHTER STARR": BY WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, A.R.A.

The annual exhibition of the Royal Academy opened as usual on May 1 at Burlington House. We reproduce here some notable portraits and other examples of figure work, including two striking pictures of a symbolic character. With regard to Sir Arthur Cope's portrait of Lord Claud Hamilton, it may be noted, as a point of unusual interest, that he is shown in his uniform as Commandant of the Headquarters Central Detachment of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary. Lord Claud Hamilton is a son of the first Duke of Abercorn and uncle of the present Duke. He is a

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NOTABLE PICTURES IN THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY.



"THE TRIUMPH": A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF SYMBOLIC ART, BY MARGARET LINDSAY WILLIAMS.



"THE BLUE BIRD": A SYMBOLIC FANTASY FROM MAETERLINCK, BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.



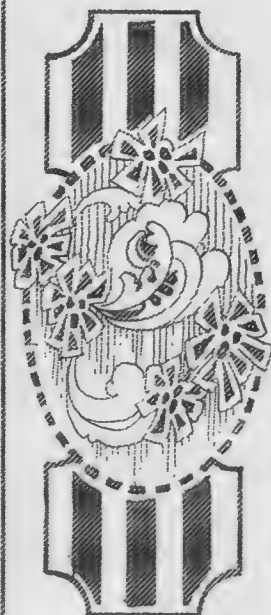
"MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY, IN THE CHARACTER OF THE DUMB WIFE": BY CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.

Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards, and served during the war in 1914 and 1915, when he was mentioned in despatches and received the D.S.O.—The Hon. Lady Bailey is the wife of Sir Abe Bailey and the only daughter of Lord Rossmore. Before her marriage she was known as the Hon. Mary Westenra. Her daughter was born in 1913.—Miss Lillah McCarthy is the well-known actress. Anatole France's farce, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," was produced by the Stage Society at the Haymarket in February 1914, and was later performed at the Ambassadors' Theatre.

RECENTLY GIVEN A NEW SHAKE ! "BOX O'



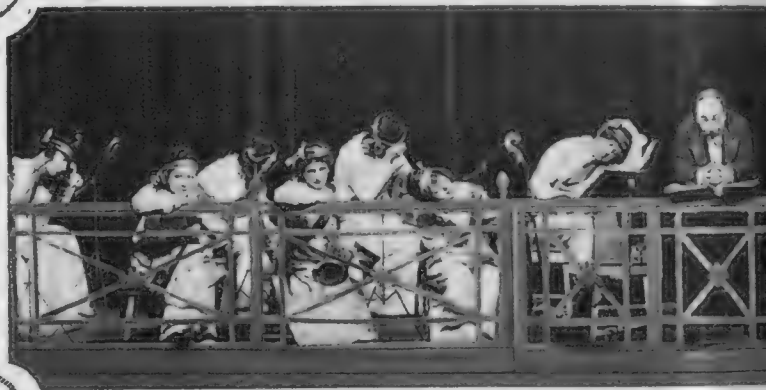
KYBOSHED, BUT AMUSING TO REMEMBER: THE "OTHELLO UP TO DATE" SCENE—MISS DAPHNE POLLARD AND MR. RALPH RIGGS.



FOOD FOR REFLECTION: MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG



TROMBONE AND DOUBLE-BASS: MR. HARRY TATE AND MISS CICELY DEBENHAM IN "A LADIES' ORCHESTRA."



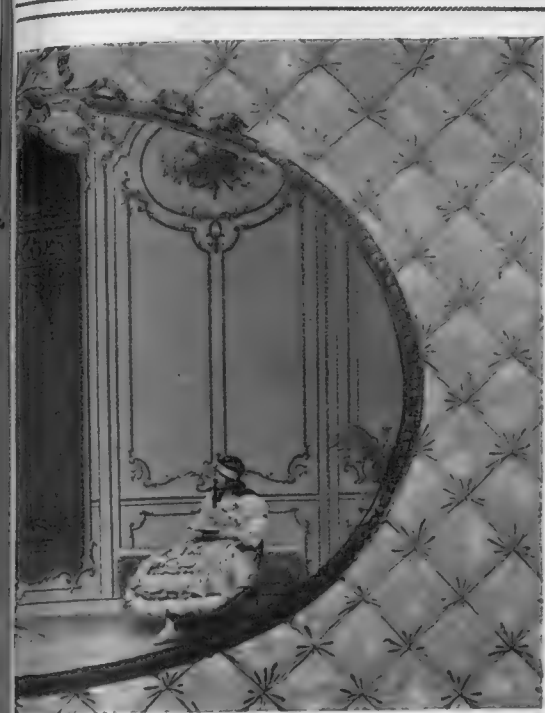
DOLCE FAR NIENTE MA NON TROPPO: MR. HARRY



A "TRICK WORTH KNOWING": MISS DOROTHY

"Box o' Tricks," at the Hippodrome, has recently been shaken up, with the result that some new tricks have been introduced, and a few of the old ones discarded. Among the latter was the amusing rag-time burlesque called "Othello Up to Date," of which we give a photograph here by way of a souvenir. The added turns include a new song for Mr. Harry Tate entitled "Good-by-ee," which bids fair to be as popular as that popular phrase, and a new sketch for the same comedian called "A Little Bet," the wager being that Miss Shirley Kellogg will kiss him, of her own accord, within ten minutes. They end the scene

TRICKS," AT THE HIPPODROME—SOME OF THEM.



(ON THE LEFT) IN SCENE 8—"A MINIATURE."

NOT THE REFLECTION SHE EXPECTED: MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG AND MR. HARRY TATE IN "A MINIATURE."



TATE AS CONDUCTOR OF "A LADIES' ORCHESTRA."



JAY AND CHORUS IN "BOX O' TRICKS."



"COME DOWN TO EARTH": MISS DAPHNE POLLARD AND TWO HIPPODROME JOY BABES.

with a new duet. Another addition is a song called "The Modern Maiden's Prayer," sung by Mr. Fred Annandale. Most of the original "tricks" remain, such as the dainty scene—"A Miniature," in which Miss Kellogg sings to reflections in a mirror; "Come Down to Earth," in which Miss Daphne Pollard is The Inviter, and the Hippodrome Joy Babes The Invited; and "A Ladies' Orchestra," wherein Mr. Harry Tate wields the baton in a style all his own. Miss Dorothy Jay sings "The Life of a Dance," with chorus, and appears in several other scenes.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

AN AMERICAN-BRITISH ENGAGEMENT: THE BRIDE-ELECT.



TO MARRY AN OFFICER IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS: MISS MARGARET VAN CORTLANDT OGDEN.

In these days when Americans are fighting side by side with the British troops, special interest attaches to the engagement of an English officer to an American lady, the daughter of the late Mr. Francis Ogden, and Mrs. Ogden, of New York and Nice. There were Ogdens in America in the eighteenth century, and Miss Margaret van Cortlandt Ogden is

descended from one of the oldest families of English extraction in New York. Her mother's beautiful villa on the Riviera is the centre of much delightful hospitality. Captain H. G. W. Bradley, to whom Miss Ogden is engaged, is in the Grenadier Guards, and is the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Gardner Bradley, C.M.G., Indian Army (retired).

Photograph by Bee Bellon.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I have been misjudging the character of Ireland all along. But we didn't realise how thoroughly we had been doing it until we read the other day that Conscription in that little bit of heaven was going to be met by passive resistance. *Passive!* Had the notion of Ireland resisting anything in the spirit of calmness, patience, and submission occurred to our minds before, we would have taken steps immediately to do it honour. Perhaps it is not too late even now to apologise to Pat for our absurd mistake?

Peaceful, patient Pat, your pardon! Rumour vows on bended knee that her tongue she'll keep a guard on henceforth when she speaks of thee. She was given—why deny it?—oft to call the Irish "wild"! But no more shall she apply it to a race so meek and mild! Peaceful,—patient, passive Pat, fancy calling Erin *that!*

Slaves to falsely founded fashion, we had come to link thy name with a warmth of human passion nearly equalled by the flame! Now we learn, with due contrition, that thy qualities combine sweet forbearance with submission and a patience half divine! Pat, serene and restful child, fancy calling Erin "wild"!

To our daily newspapers it has meant merely a line and a half that a golden eagle has been caught in a wood near Sheffield. To the seer and the prophet and the dealer generally in prognostics the fact means volumes. To me it means a little more than the one, and less than the other—

A golden eagle in a Sheffield wood captured, and prisoned in an iron cage! Surely a circumstance foreshowing good at such a juncture of our warring age! Prophets of Bond Street, in your Indian robes, is there no sequel to reveal—no sign? What is the vision in your crystal globes? What from this eagle does your art divine?



LADY DALMENY AS FARM-WORKER: UNLOADING MANGOLDS.

Other photographs of Lady Dalmeny as farm-worker, together with details, are given on another page in this number.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

Give me the crystal. . . . Do my eyes see true?—my thoughts run clearly?—or is this a trance? A *Golden Eagle*, which our men pursue, is found and captured in a wood in France! A Golden Eagle with a double head—three heads together, with the one beneath! Its claws are hands, white hands, but stained with red! Its bill, two rows of passion-tightened teeth!

Under the recently passed Anti-Loafing Law, idlers of New Jersey, whether vagabonds or millionaires, are required to work for at least six hours a day.

According to the papers, there is trouble in the camp of Weary Will the Millionaire and Tired Tim the Tramp. By Legislation's harsh decree (a grave offence to shirk), they've got to be like you or me, and do a bit of work!—at all events (the papers say) for half-a-dozen hours a day!



LADY DALMENY AS FARM-WORKER: A FEW MINUTES' REST.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

'Twas nasty of them, Weary Will, and also Tired Tim, your cup of bitterness to fill so fully to the brim. They might have made it three or two, or reasonably one; indeed, had they consulted you, they could have made it *none!* But no, my friends, your luck was out. You'll die of overwork, no doubt!

A Roman oven has been discovered in a mound in the middle of a meadow at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire.

I lunched about a month ago not far from that historic mound where I am not surprised to know a Roman oven has been found. For I remember well the thought that entered there and then my head that she who served my meal had brought a slice of Ancient Roman bread!

Spring has made me do this, and I dedicate it to the birds—particularly one now singing in a London musical play—

Oh, my Nightingale, I wish you'd kindly stop it! Oh, my Cuckoo, for the love of Heaven, hush! Oh, my Wren, it *would* be nice if you could hop it, and remove with you the Chaffinch and the Thrush! Though your melodies are admirably written, and your singing not the worst that I have heard, there's not one of you that's in it for the fraction of a minute with a certain other pretty little Bird!

Of the bunch of all the warblers, she's the swell bird, and her voice is made of wedding bells and love, for there's something of the chiming of the Bell-Bird, and a little of the cooing of the Dove. There's a bit of the emotion of the Plover, and a trifle of the passion of the Lark. So you must not be offended if I hope your concert's ended when I meet my Bird to-morrow in the Park!

A. B. M.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



IT won't do me much good, but I will confess that when I hear anybody scorning town life and professing an ecstatic love of Nature I suspect him of a little affectation and some blindness. To talk as if a hive made by bees were more poetical than a street made by men is the conventional cant and not the true religion of poetry. Mr. Lucey, in his "From Hour to Hour" essays, has this weakness for raw Nature. He is sound on Work, and I am with him in not liking too much of it; but when he talks of Town and Country his prejudices break out.

On literature, however, Mr. Lucey is more unorthodox. "I doubt," he says, "if Dickens would find in the whole of London a publisher for his books to-day. If 'Vanity Fair' or 'Pendennis' were offered to the public as the works of a present-day writer, I question if half-a-dozen copies of either would be sold." I hope he is wrong—and feel certain he is when he suggests that our modern novelists conceal their personalities in their books, and argues that "young ladies who would not wantonly kill a fly or crush a worm write stirring romances of battle, murder, and sudden death; and staid matrons revel in passionate romances and the follies of youthful lovers." Who shall say that, in writing so, these ladies are not subtly disclosing the personalities they respectfully suppress in actual life?

Desmond MacCarthy is nearer the mark, I fancy, when he tells us in one of his whimsical and very miscellaneous lot of "Remnants," that "one reason why our fiction on the average is so bad is that writers mistake for the genuine impulse to write the desire (coupled, of course, with the honest hope of royalties) to fondle their own dreams of how splendid it would be to appear like their hero or heroine in such intensely gratifying circumstances."

As for present-day taste, instead of guessing how Dickens would get on if he were published now for the first time, I wish Mr. Lucey could have told us why the modern reader is so slow to appreciate certain of the best of living novelists—such a novelist, say, as Leonard Merrick. The critics praise him as a supreme artist in fiction; he is not afflicted with a difficult style—he could not be a supreme artist if he were. He is at length achieving the distinction of a collected edition of his works, and here is the first volume, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," with a preface by Sir J. M. Barrie. His fellow-authors are agreed, writes Sir James, "that Mr. Merrick is one of the flowers of their calling. . . . I speak, of course, only for myself, but there is no doubt to my mind that 'Conrad in Quest of His Youth' is the best sentimental journey that has been written in this country since the publication of the other one—so gay it is, so sad, of such an alluring spirit, so fine a temper. . . . And yet it has been in existence for

many years, and comparatively few people know of it." To anyone who has read Leonard Merrick's novels such a state of things is far more unaccountable than any indifference the new generation feel toward the novelists of their fathers.

Possibly the general reader will prefer "Miss Pim's Camouflage," and if he does he may. Miss Pim has the merit of being light and topical, and of taking a farcical idea and treating it quite seriously. Briefly, Miss Pim cricked her neck one day by accident, and the effect was to render her invisible. She was, reasonably enough, alarmed till she found that by simply twisting her neck back she became visible again. After she had consulted her Vicar, and he



AT THE EX-OFFICERS' EMPLOYMENT BUREAU IN LONDON: VISCOUNTESS FALMOUTH INTERVIEWING AN OFFICER.

Viscountess Falmouth, whose husband is Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, of which regiment he formerly held executive command, is Hon. Treasurer of the Ex-Officers' Employment Bureau, at 8, Regent Street. The Bureau invites employers "to notify to it the class of employé they either require now, or will require later on," whereupon full information will be supplied.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

had assured her that the devil had no hand in it, but that it was a clear call to serve her King and country, they both went to the War Office. The magnates there were sceptical, but only just at first; and directly they had seen Miss Pim go through her performance they resolved to make the most of her, and sent her into the German lines as a spy. There and in Germany, visible or invisible at will, she had adventures.

You may call the whole story absurd and unreal; if it is the real thing you are after, you can have plenty of that in "From Bapaume to Passchendaele," the continuation of Philip Gibbs's brilliant record of the war on the Western Front; in Captain Gordon's account of "Mons and the Retreat"; in "Attack," an infantry subaltern's impressions of the beginnings of the great Somme battle in June 1916; or in Lieutenant Goodchild's "Down Plug Street Way," strongly realistic sketches and stories of the men who are fighting near Ypres. You get reality in these books, from men who have seen what they write about.

BOOKS TO READ.

- From Hour to Hour. By R. M. Lucey. (Kegan Paul.)
Remnants. By Desmond MacCarthy. (Constable.)
Conrad in Quest of his Youth. By Leonard Merrick. With an Introduction by Sir J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Miss Pim's Camouflage. By Lady Stanley. (Hutchinson.)
From Bapaume to Passchendaele. By Philip Gibbs. (Heinemann.)
Mons and the Retreat. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Lord French. (Constable.)
Attack. By Edward Living. (Heinemann.)
Down Plug Street Way. By George Goodchild. (Simpkin.)
Reincarnations. By James Stephens. (Macmillan.)
Last Songs. By Francis Ledwidge. With an Introduction by Lord Dunsany. (Herbert Jenkins.)



"QUEEN MARY'S ARMY AUXILIARY CORPS" ("W.A.A.C.'S"): AREA-CONTROLLERS ATTENDING THE HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE.

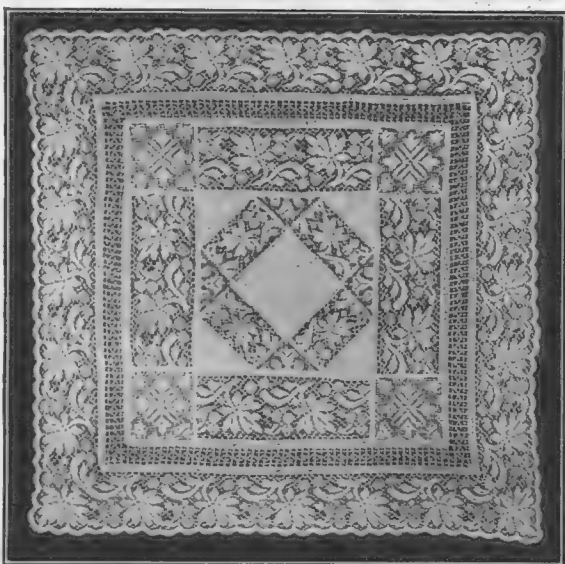
After the Conference, the Area-Controllers proceeded, to the Dépôt Hostel, Connaught House, where the Chief Controller presented to the Hostel a signed portrait of the Queen, as Commandant-in-Chief of the W.A.A.C. The Area-Controllers are shown here. Reading from Left to Right the names are as follows: Back Row—Miss Gibson, M.B.E. (Exeter); Miss Lindsell (Bedford); Miss Ewing (Wrexham); Miss Lace, M.B.E. (Ireland); Miss Hilda Horniblow, M.B.E. (Senior Area-Controller, Southern Command); Mrs. Powell (Oxford); Mrs. Edwards, M.B.E. (Northern Command); Miss Hawthorne (London District); Miss Taylor (Eastern Command); Miss Edith Horniblow (Senior Area-Controller, Eastern Command). Second Row—Miss Atkinson (Senior Area-Controller, Western Command); Miss Gordon (Scottish Command); Miss Learoyd (Controller of Administration); Miss Troller, O.B.E. (Controller of Personnel); Mrs. Burleigh Leach, O.B.E. (Chief Controller); Mrs. Long, O.B.E. (Deputy Chief Controller); Miss Edith Thompson (Controller of Inspection); Miss Stevens, O.B.E. (Area Controller, Aldershot Command); Miss Berry (Assistant Controller of Inspection). Seated on the Ground in Front—Mrs. Blyth-Webster (Area Controller, Hartlepool District); Miss Clegg (Chatham District); Miss Wrigley (Norwich District); and Mrs. Garvois (Salisbury District).—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

SALE

for Ten Days only of HOUSEHOLD & FANCY LINENS

THE articles offered during this Special Sale comprise a large stock of Real Irish All Linen Hand-Woven Damask Tablecloths and Napkins, also Linen and Cotton Sheets, Face Towels, charming selection of Fancy Linens, Handkerchiefs, Lace and Embroidered Bedspreads and Down Quilts, all bought previous to the advance in prices. These will be offered at fully $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ below to-day's prices, and in very many cases represent goods unprocurable.

The items below merely indicate the value to be obtained.



No. 1.—Handsome Reproduction of Real Lace and Linen Afternoon Tea Cloth.

Size 33 ins. by 36 ins.

Usual price 23/6 each. Sale price 19/6 each.

200 only. Exceptional offer of Handsome Lace and Linen Top Sheets.

	Usual price.	Sale price.
Size 2 by 3 yds. ...	42/-	31/6 each.
" 2½ " 3 " ...	50/-	39/6 "

Pillow Cases to match.

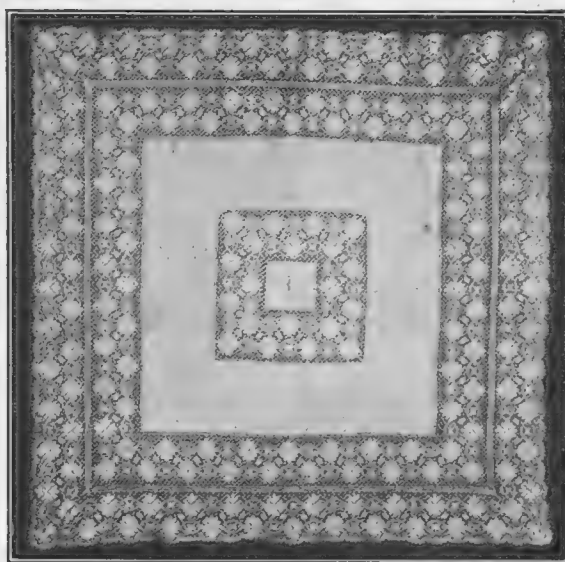
	Usual price.	Sale price.
Size 20 by 30 ins. ...	15/6	12/9 each.

Fine Hemstitched Longcloth Pillow Cases.

	Usual price.	Sale price.
Size 20 by 30 ins. ...	3/6	2/9 each.

150 Dozen. Hemmed Huckaback Towels with Red border. Special value.

	Usual price.	Sale price.
Size 24 by 42 ins. ...	23/6	18/9 dozen.



No. 3.—Exclusive design in Charming Lace and Linen Afternoon Tea Cloth. (British production.)

Size 45 ins. by 45 ins.

Usual price 40/- each. Sale price 31/6 each.

Fine Quality Spoke Hemstitched Longcloth Sheets washed ready for use, and both sheets hemstitched.

	Usual price.	Sale price.
Size 2 by 3 yds. ...	27/6	21/9 pair.
" 2½ " 3½ " ...	32/6	25/6 "

Fancy Net and Lace Cushion Cover.

	Usual price.	Sale price.
Size about 23 by 23 ins. ...	4/9	3/9 each.

Superfine Quality Hemstitched Longcloth Pillow Cases, mitred corners, and washed ready for use.

	Usual price.	Sale price.
Size 20 by 30 ins. ...	4/11	3/11 each.

Ladies Hemstitched White Lawn Handkerchiefs.

Usual price 4/11 dozen. Sale price 3/6 dozen.

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British Forces abroad are urgently in need of the help of British Women as

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Enrol to-day in the
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(Women's Army Auxiliary Corps)

Full particulars at any
Employment Exchange
Ask at Post Office for address.

SEFTON FABRICS are really new—indeed, so new that they can be obtained only from high-class Drapers and exclusive Fabric Houses.

Women of distinctive taste will find in these Fabrics a rare opportunity for the expression of individual preferences in bold designs and rich colours. Indeed, it has been said, to our knowledge, that the hand of a fairy godmother might have brought forth these delightful Dress Goods, so exquisite are they in texture, so delicate in sheen, so charming in colouring, so unique in their variety of designs.

These Fabrics are particularly suitable for war-time wear. The bold design and vivid colours make it unnecessary to use any elaborate trimmings—in fact, they look their best in a simple make-up; they are, therefore, economical from first to last, and on truly appropriate lines for present conditions.

SEFTON SHERELENE **2/-**
36 in. wide, double width ... Per yard

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DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE AFFAIRE TRENCHARD: WHY NOT ALLIED AIR C.-IN-C. ? By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

THE best news of the past few weeks—speaking purely aeronautically, of course—has been Mr. Lloyd George's statement in the House of Commons on April 29 that General Trenchard was not to leave the Royal Air Force, or at any rate that his vast knowledge of aviation and his wonderful personality were not to be lost to militant aviation. At the moment of writing no official announcement has been made as to precisely how General Trenchard is to be employed, but the mere announcement that he was not to give up air work and become an infantry commander was enough to give some satisfaction. While the debate was in progress the Gallery of the House and the seats for privileged visitors "under the clock" were packed with officers of the Air Force, and one could positively feel the sigh of relief which went up from them when the Premier announced that Sir Hugh Trenchard's experience and gift of leadership were not to be lost.

The R.A.F. Unanimous. Incidentally, it was not altogether the importance of aviation as such which roused so much feeling; it was quite as much the unanimity of the Royal Air Force as to the need for General Trenchard which accounted for the fuss. But in the R.A.F. there was not merely no anti-Trenchard party—there was not even a group in favour of putting anybody else into the same job. This was really extraordinary, because, unlike the older Services, the R.A.F. had only just ceased to be itself two distinct Services. One might reasonably have expected an R.N.A.S. party to be anti-Trenchard. There might have been such a party if the R.N.A.S. had possessed an ambitious leader who was out for the aggrandisement of the sea-flying branch. Fortunately for the internal peace of the R.A.F., Sir Godfrey Paine—the former chief of the R.N.A.S.—was content to let the soldiers, as the bigger of the two Flying Services, take the lead. He himself (as a Captain R.N.) had worked with General Trenchard (then a Major) at the Central Flying School from 1912 till the outbreak of war, so he knew his worth. The shore-going squadrons of the R.N.A.S., who had served under General Trenchard in France had the same implicit trust in him as had his own people of the R.F.C., and their enthusiasm had spread even to the purely naval aviators, so, except for a few individuals with personal grievances, the whole Air Force was ardently pro-Trenchard. And it is equally pro-Trenchard to-day.

C.-in-C. or Inspector-General? As to General Trenchard's future, at the risk of these notes appearing after his new appointment being announced, one may, perhaps suggest that his proper job is that of Commander-in-Chief, Royal Air Force, much as the late Duke of Cambridge was C.-in-C. of the Army before the office of C.-in-C. was abolished and the Army was placed under the government of a committee known as the Army Council. If such an office

cannot exist in the Air Force, he might become practically the same thing under the title of Inspector-General, or some equally all-inclusive and non-committal title, with a seat on the Air Council as Vice-President, so that, in the absence of the Air Minister, he would himself preside. Sir Hugh has always worked amicably with Sir William Weir, so that some such arrangement should operate satisfactorily no matter what the General's official title might be.



DURING THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: A DAY BOMBING SQUADRON IN FRANCE—MAPPING OUT A "STUNT." Official Photograph.

Our New Air Minister.

As regards our new Air Minister, it would indeed be hard for anyone to suggest a more suitable appointment. Sir William Weir has won golden opinions as a producer of aircraft. It is thanks to him that, despite all the mass of red tape and procedure and routine which he has had to push along in front of him, we had piled up such a reserve of aeroplanes and engines as to be able to replace in a few days all the machines which were lost through enemy fire and through abandoning aerodromes during the German advance on the Somme and at Bailleul. So many had we in reserve, in fact, that after that advance there were more British aeroplanes in action instead of fewer; and there were still plenty left over, of modern fighting types, for the advanced training of new pilots, both British and American. With this achievement to his credit, Sir William Weir starts under the most favourable auspices. But he is much more than a mere producer and manufacturer. He is a student of air-war, with a full grasp of its problems. He is not such a big man in his own opinion as to be headstrong and overbearing when dealing with other

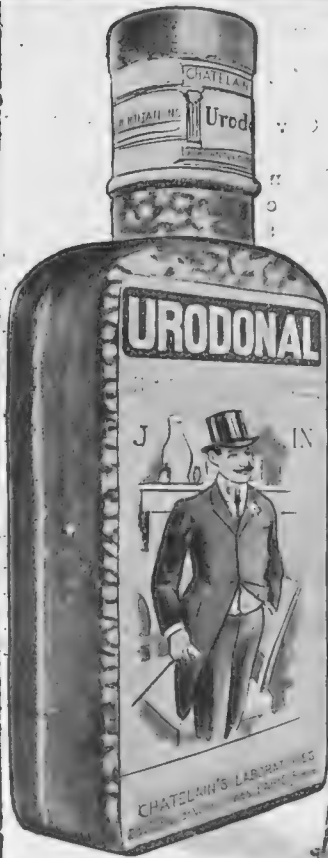


DURING THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: R.A.F. PILOTS AND OBSERVERS MARKING GERMAN POSITIONS.—[Official Photograph.]

big men who know their special branch of war. Nor is he weak and easily influenced by those who try to get at him by intrigue or persuasion. He is keen, but he is also canny. And, above all things, he wants to get along with the war.

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Size for 2 to 3 years	Price	29/6
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HAT in fine white chip straw, lined under brim with ruffle of pink tulle and trimmed wreath of pink rosebuds and saxe blue forget-me-nots, blue strings - - - - 39/6

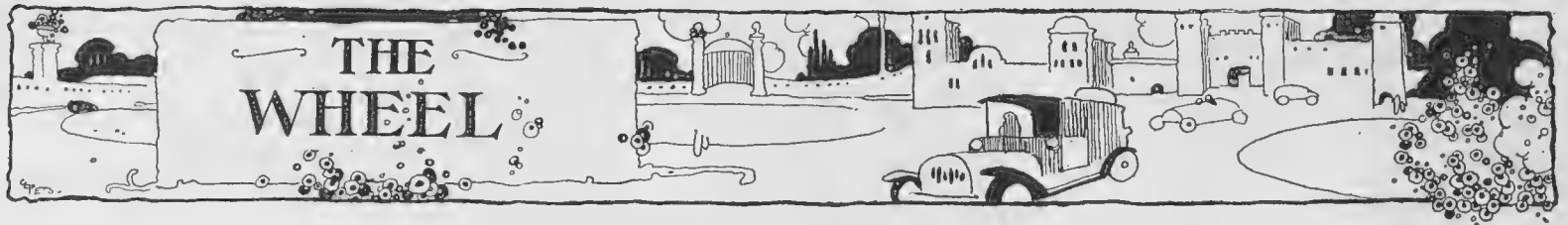
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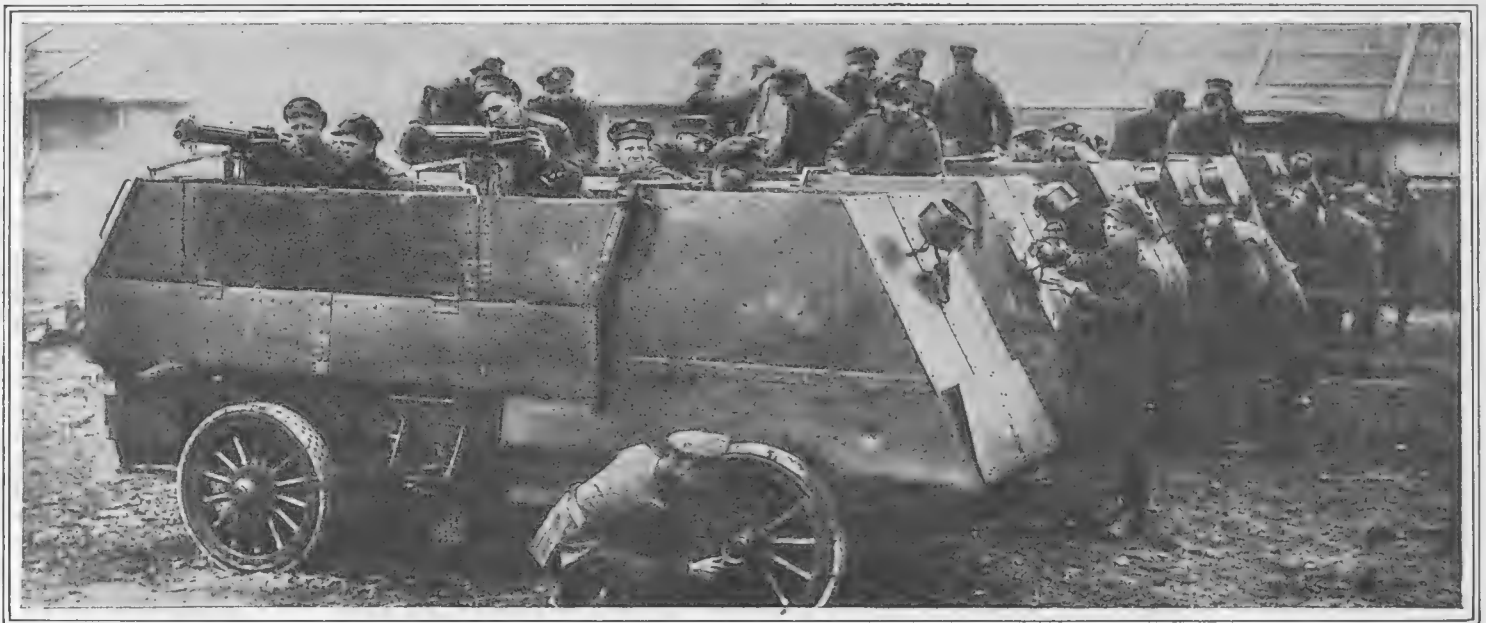




A DOG V. MOTOR STORY: AN UNFRUITFUL SUGGESTION: THE GAS-TRACTION REPORT.

Quaint Records. Motoring accidents are decided rarities nowadays, for the good and sufficient reason that racing and touring alike are shut down, and the only cars on the roads are those of people who possess official permits. I met a friend the other day, however, who had not only come a cropper, but one of a particularly thrilling kind. It was all due to a burst front tyre. Time was when Mr. S. F. Edge essayed to convince the motoring world, by demonstrations on the Crystal Palace terrace, that a burst tyre was a matter of no moment; but there is all the difference in the world between a back tyre coming off when you are prepared for it on a straight flat stretch and a front one bursting suddenly at a corner or on rough ground. The car in the case in point was travelling downhill, and swerved on to the grass when the tyre gave out. If the grassy patch had been more or less flat, the driver might have regained the road without much difficulty; but it consisted of a series of mounds, with the inevitable result that the car turned right over. Fortunately, the driver was not a tall man, or he would probably have been killed. As for the passenger, he was hurled a distance—duly measured later—of no less than twenty-six yards, but lived to tell the tale. The fact suggests curious speculations as to what is the record in the way

recommendations be adopted by the Government, or the Board of Trade, if that body has the power to accept or reject on its own responsibility? There are examples in plenty of Commissions and Committees being appointed to inquire into a special subject, only to find that their considered counsels are whittled down or even shelved *en bloc*. Despite bad precedents, nevertheless, one cannot but hope that the report in question will become effective, and that right quickly. It states specifically that "ordinary town gas can be effectively, safely, and promptly substituted for motor spirit." It advocates, moreover, the sale of gas for traction purposes not only by the companies, but also through the intermediary of motor depots, and adds significantly that "there should be no restrictions—except in so far as shortage of coal or other war conditions may render imposition of control or priority necessary—upon the drawing of supplies of gas for traction purposes through suitable meters at consumers' premises or private filling stations." But this is not all. The Committee does not endorse the present policy of allowing gas for traction purposes to be used for the most part only in non-compressed form, necessitating the employment of the bulky and unsightly bags which one may see rolling in the wind, and which only carry the equivalent of a gallon of petrol on any but



HEROES ALL: GUNNERS AND DRIVERS OF THE CANADIAN MOTOR MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT, CLEANING UP.

The exploits of the Canadian Motor Machine-Gun Detachment in the April battles on the Arras front were, as described by correspondents, "almost incredible." Wherever they went "they steadied the line." "Whenever they saw Germans massing, they rushed up and enfiladed them." They "fought German cavalry to

a standstill—the cavalry has not been seen since." They charged into villages and kept the Germans at bay. In one case, when out of ammunition and with the enemy coming at them, "the Canadians charged, armed with spare gun-barrels, and the enemy retreated."—[Canadian War Records.]

of a parabolic flight through space from a motor vehicle. I fancy that Mr. J. W. Stocks could claim the inconvenient honour. Many years ago, he was riding a motor-tricycle when a big dog chose to try conclusions with the intruder. The impact was terrific, and the doughty rider, once so well known on the track, found himself sprawling on the road after a seemingly endless journey through the air. After finding, to his joy, that he had no broken bones, he measured the distance he had travelled after parting company with the machine. It was just forty-two yards!

Carbide for Motors. It has been suggested of late that, in the absence of petrol, we should have recourse to carbide as a substitute, and drive our cars on acetylene gas. There is no necessity, however, for the motoring community to consider the feasibility or otherwise of this method of propulsion, for, as a matter of fact, it opens up no practical prospect whatsoever, inasmuch as there is no carbide to be had. All the available supplies have been commandeered for military purposes, and, even if acetylene gas were in every way suitable for the purpose, it would offer no relief to the present situation. The substitutes for petrol are few enough in themselves, but the substitutes which are available are almost a minus quantity.

Will It Pass? Nothing could well be more satisfactory than the report of the Gas Traction Committee. The crux of the matter, however, is this—will the Committee's

the largest vehicles. "Encouragement should be given," the Committee urge, "to the construction and use of semi-rigid containers of rubber and woven wire, up to working pressures of 300 lb. on the square inch." The adoption of this advice would make a material difference to the present situation, and, in the interests of motor locomotion generally, it is earnestly to be hoped that nothing will be allowed to stand in the way of the proposal.

A Good Example. From the principal of a firm well known in the motor and aircraft industries I have received a very agreeable testimony to the patriotism of his employes. Without any prompting, they voluntarily established a threepence-a-week collection per worker to enable pensioners to make up, in some measure, the deficiencies of their Governmental allowances. The employer in question is so impressed by the spirit of this act that he suggests its universal adoption throughout the country—but, lest he should be charged with self-advertisement, he desires that the name of his own firm should not be mentioned. All he wants is that the excellent example set by his workpeople should be followed wherever possible; and he states very truly that, if every principal would put up the scheme to the workers on his own premises, we should speedily have an all-Britain organisation, self-dependent and self-reliant in each centre, which "would at least do something to show our broken fighting men that the stay-at-homes have some sense of their indebtedness to them."

Everything for Everybody!

HOW many readers of *The Sketch* have any real idea of the vastness of the organisation that is known across the world as "Harrods," an organisation which, until war came, served mankind in every country and in every clime? How many realise how true is the claim that accompanies the Harrods trade mark: *Omnia omnibus ubique*—"Everything for everybody everywhere"?

For seventy years Harrods has stood four square to all the winds that blow, a model of English progress, English soundness, English reliability.

To-day the actual Harrods Building covers four acres and a quarter, or what is perhaps better visualised, 185,000 square feet, or half as much again as is occupied by St. Paul's. There is room to move about here, at leisure, with freedom, in comfort. The space devoted entirely to trade in the House itself is eleven million cubic feet.

There are more than two hundred separate departments, many of them greater than any other individual shop devoted to a similar purpose in the Kingdom. These departments are stocked with the world's finest merchandise, selected and purchased by the best specialists that money can secure or the country provide. Here you may buy anything from a pin to a palace; here, indeed, the people already secure their daily needs to the extent of millions of pounds' worth a year!

A world market-place indeed—and in the peaceful days which seem so long ago you could have seen the races of the world a-gathered there.

Every Material Need of Life

From the very threshold of life's pilgrimage Harrods shows its usefulness. Is it a Christening? There is a section of Harrods where every infant need is wisely and completely catered for. Is the boy or girl commencing school? Here is the right equipment to the smallest detail. Is life's chief event of all afoot? The happy bride-to-be shall here find a thousand useful helps and hints to right apparelling, and so on through Darby and Joanhood to the chapter's end. Is it the making of the Home Beautiful? Here is a very court of taste, here is everything required for that home, be it a mansion or a cottage.

Is it travel? Here is guidance as to the routes, the trains, the ships, the places to stay, the sights to see, the guides to get, the things to take, here you may "book" the trip and get the tickets.

Is it the safety of yourself, your home, your goods and chattels? Here you may insure everything insurable, against peril by air, by sea, by land, against misfortune of every kind.

Is it the storage of your treasures? Here you have the strongest strong-room in the world, a room that is a maze of human ingenuities, a room fire-proof, flood-proof, thief-proof, drill-proof, bomb-proof.

Is it a question of a Bank, for business matters or for safeguarding your savings? Here is Harrods Bank, long established in the public confidence.

Is it War Bonds, War Savings Certificates, Savings Bank matters? Here is Harrods Post Office, fully equipped and ready at your service.

Here, in comfort and at leisure, you may write your letters, send your telegrams, arrange appointments.

Elegance—Convenience—Comfort

Here are toilet rooms and rest rooms, incomparably the finest in all London.

As to refreshments, there are those who say the luncheons served in Harrods Georgian Restaurant are better, better cooked, and better served than any that they find elsewhere. It is true and piquant to observe that visitors staying at London's most palatial hotels have a way of slipping here day after day for luncheon!

Does a theatre, concert, or other entertainment appeal to you? Harrods will book your seats for you; if you need a conveyance to take you, Harrods will provide that also.

Are you a booklover? There is Harrods Library to provide you, week by week, with the newest books, the best books as soon as they appear; there is also a Library Reading Room, the very essence of quietude and elegance and comfort.

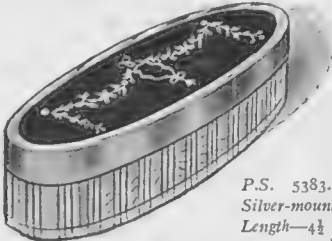
And this is but the beginning of Harrods. A great shopping place, a great rendezvous, a great convenience, a great national asset, whose attractions never wane and whose progress never falters.

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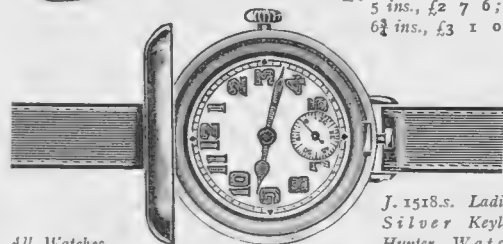
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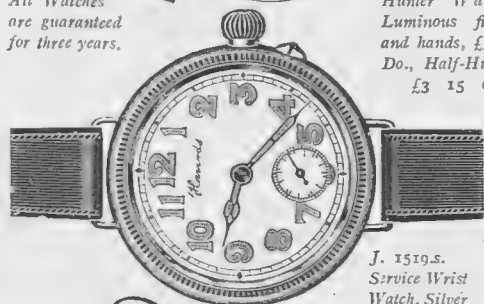
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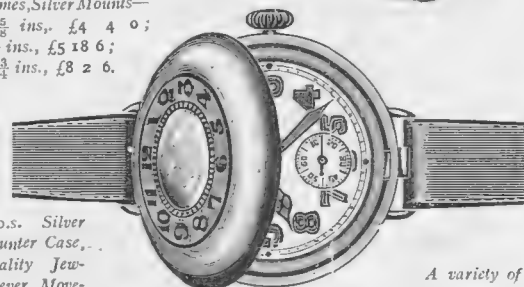
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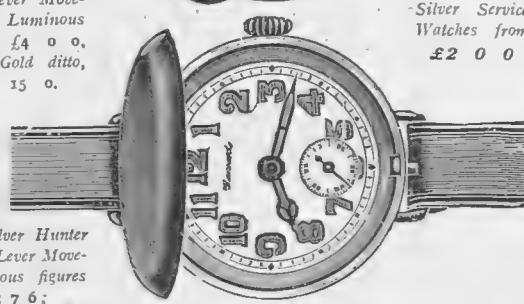
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F.L.5. Fitted Leather Handbag, lined Givrine, gilt inner division, lined kid. Black, Blue, Brown, £2 2 0

F.L.6. Fille Silk Vanity Bag, lined champagne Givrine, with covered inner division. Fitted Puff and Mirror. Blue, Black, and Mole, 4/6

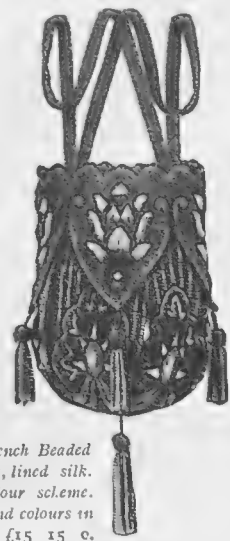
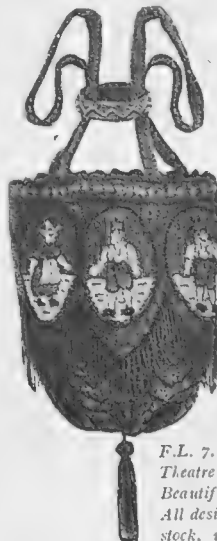


Lady's Fitted Case.—Finest quality blue Morocco leather, lined rich quality blue moire to match, completely fitted with engine-turned silver. Complete, with waterproof cover. Size, 20 by 15 by 7, £45 0 0.

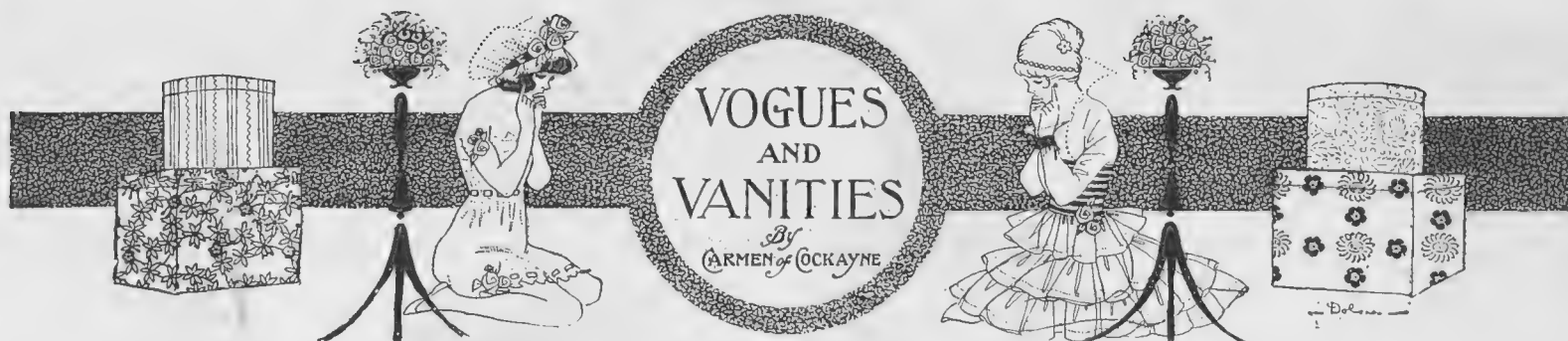


Gentleman's Fitted Case.—Finest quality butt. leather, lined black polished roan, completely fitted with silver-mounted fittings, and ivory brushes, as illustration. 27 by 17 by 7½, £33 10 0.

All these articles have been selected from Harrods Jewellery Dressing Case, & Fancy Bag Section on the Ground Floor



F.L.7. French Beaded Theatre Bags, lined silk. Beautiful colour scheme. All designs and colours in stock, up to £15 15 0.



The Luxury Tax. The Luxury Tax has come. An expectant world of women now awaits with interest a list of the articles to be included under that heading. For some reason or another, it seems to be taken for granted that it is the women who are the chief luxury-hogs. At the moment of writing the air is full of whispers as to the precise articles of their toilette which will attract the attention of the Select Committee. There is, of course, the obviously lovely and already taxed Paris frock. But smartness, as most of us know, goes deeper than skirts. Will Mr. Bonar Law's Select Committee, greatly daring, push inquiry into these hidden mysteries? Will it really specify the exact nature of the "undies" to be conscripted in the national interest, as well as the extent to which the "chemie" and the "combie," the "knicks" and the "pettie," the *cache-corset* and the "nightie" are henceforth to do their bit in helping to defeat the bestial Boche?

Attractive Et-ceteras. Tax or no tax, no one could blame a woman for making up her mind to become mistress of the attractive et-ceteras that Dolores has sketched on this page. Jay's, in Regent Street, made them; and Jay's, in Regent Street, as every woman knows, have an instinct that amounts to genius for providing lovely clothes for equally lovely woman, as well as all the minor accessories upon which, in the long run, her reputation for good dressing depends. Smartness does not, as the nightdress sketched on this page shows, mean an orgy of fussiness, for the pale-pink Milanese silk composing it is destitute of decoration except for a touch of self-coloured embroidery on the yoke and an outlining frill of Brussels net. Its studied reticence merely helps to emphasise its charm. To attempt "to paint the lily" is to announce yourself ignorant of the first principles of how to dress in war-time. Though elaboration is "barred," there is no ban on colour. If pale-pink does not happen to suit your war-ravaged complexion, you can always fall back on blue or yellow, mauve, white, or black; and there's always Art at hand to step in when Nature leaves you badly in the lurch.



An alliance of fine gauze silk and merino becomes all the more effective when reinforced with open-work.

What Will They Do? A little reflection suggests the idea that the position of the Select Committee in the matter is not altogether an enviable one. Obviously, a mere bachelor can't be expected to have an intelligent grasp of the subject. On the other hand, it hasn't yet been stated that the choice is to be limited to those who have entered the Holy Estate, and so will at least have the benefit of competent advice. Not that that would make much difference. There are still plenty of women who believe in surface smartness to the exclusion of the kind that can't be seen.

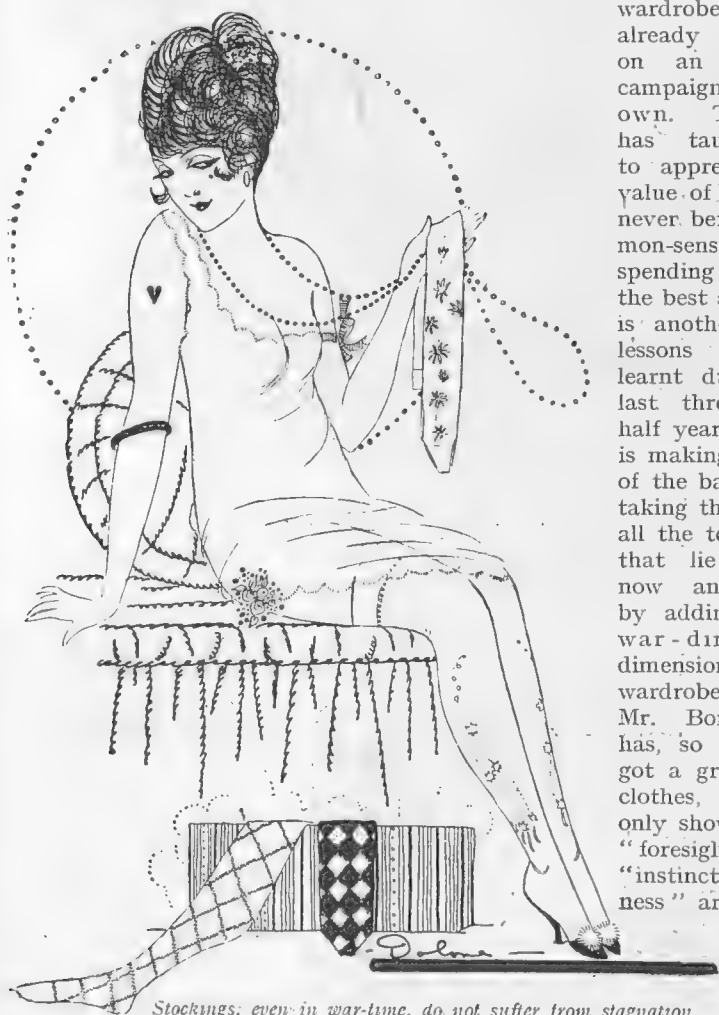
Taking Action. It was not to be expected that woman would take the Luxury Tax, or the suggestion of it, lying down. In anticipation of the war on her wardrobe, Eve has already embarked on an offensive campaign of her own. The war has taught her to appreciate the value of money as never before. Common-sense in the spending of it to the best advantage is another of the lessons she has learnt during the last three-and-a-half years. If she is making the best of the bawbees by taking thought for all the to-morrows that lie between now and peace, by adding to the war-diminished dimensions of her wardrobe before Mr. Bonar Law has, so to speak, got a grip on her clothes, she is only showing that "foresight" and an "instinct for business" are not the prerogatives of the war profiteer.

of stockings that take her fancy. If they chance also to strike the public eye, all the better for the public, especially if the stockings happen to be of thick white silk with black checks, or diamonds, or dots, to break their snowy surface. Not that smartness and silk are necessarily inseparable, for a judicious blending of colours and ingenuity in grouping them are enough to give homelier fabric a cachet that it might otherwise lack, and women the kind of stockings that make them the envy of those who have to be content with something less direct in their appeal. The story of the stocking might be continued indefinitely, for, besides simple black with gold embroidered fronts, there are others whose decorations are confined to the outer side, and others again, both black and coloured, that are content with sheer simplicity, and can't be said to lose by the decision.

Jumper Jottings. Difficulties exist only to be overcome, and the way in which the jumper triumphed over the obstacles placed in its path is one of the minor wonders of the war. At Jay's, where one always expects—and gets—the distinctive touch that counts for so much in dress, some of the most attractive amongst the jumpers are striped affairs of mingled Shetland wool and silk. Spun silk ones with arresting "block" checked cuffs and collars have also to be reckoned with, as well as crêpe-de-Chine creations in the latest and most fashionable "square" shape, with belts that encircle the hips and are provided with the pockets that no one can afford to do without.



You could not accuse it of indulging in unnecessary adornment, for its Milanese silk edge is outlined by plain Brussels net.



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VERY effective model
Crêpe-de-Chine set—
inlet dainty lace insertion;
Chemise Empire style with
elastic, whilst the knicker
is of the wide skirt style.

A set that will charm you;
in Ivory, Pink,
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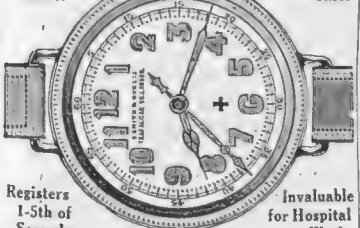
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keep beautiful just as long
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and decay—and no longer.
All toothpastes do not pre-
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Paste—does both, perfectly.
It is a beautiful paste.
You will like using it,
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preserve them. For its steri-
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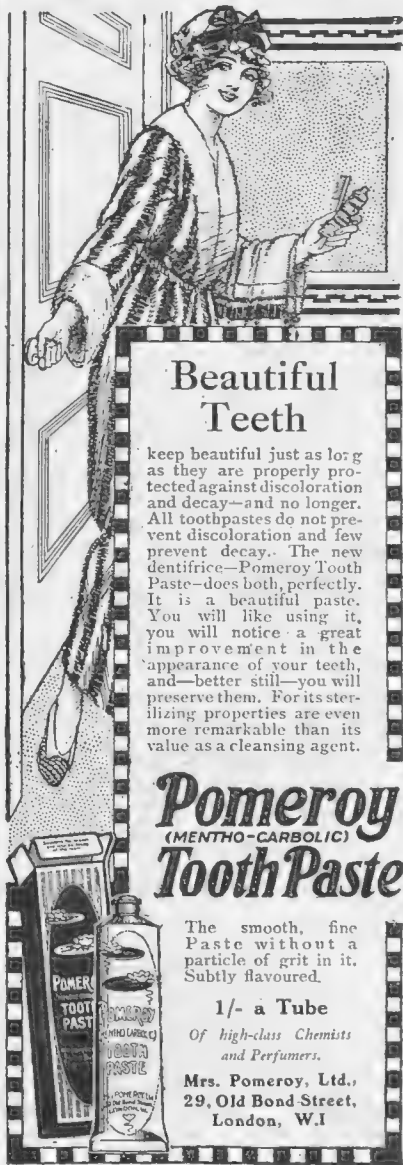
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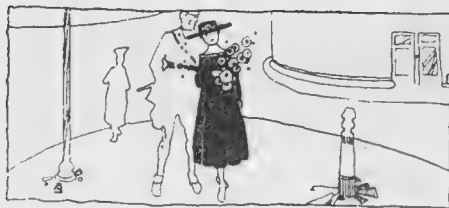
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The smooth, fine
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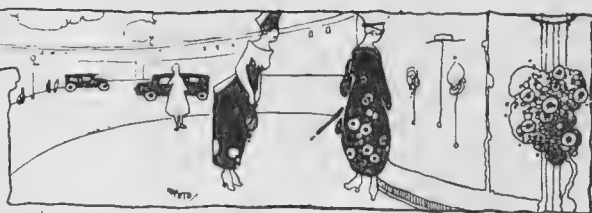
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Of high-class Chemists
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



A Lady-in-Waiting. There is something arresting in the appointment of Lady Joan Mulholland, by the King, as Lady-in-Waiting to his only daughter. She is, although of noble lineage, of a family by no means rich. Her father, the fifth Earl of Strafford, was a clergyman, and not well off. Lady Joan's mother, his second wife, is the daughter of the late Admiral Lord Frederick Kerr, and, throughout a time of real struggle for anyone in her position, succeeded in winning golden opinions of respect and admiration. Lady Joan's only surviving sister, Lady Rachel Byng, has earned her living as a milliner; so the family know something of the troubles of straitened means. Lady Joan is the widow of Lord Dunleath's eldest son, a rich man and a gallant soldier, whose little daughter was born after his death in action at Ypres in 1914. Their Majesties have thus chosen for their daughter a Lady-in-Waiting who has borne sorrow and experienced necessity for economy.

The Eyes of a House.

It is very much the British way to put the best face on things. Possibly because America did not realise this, her hustle for winning the war fell somewhat short of her intention; but she is really busy now that she knows the Allies want her quickly. As one goes about, although the days are dark and dreary, the houses are all decked out, or being decked out, in cheeriest spring-cleaned array; and in Shoolbred's big shop in Tottenham Court Road house-mothers are eagerly availing themselves of a great choice of casement curtains, that the eyes of their houses may be bright. There is nothing more disheartening than dull and dingy windows—few things give so good a clue to the character of the householder. So long as there is Shoolbred's there can always be clean and dainty, bright and cheery windows, and British house-mothers "bank on" there always being Shoolbred's!

Real Stunning.

"Don't you think our fighting men look real stunning?" This was the question of an American friend at a wedding of an American couple. I could very conscientiously agree. They look fit to fight for their lives, which is what they are going to do—incidentally, for their homes and their womenkind too, just as ours and the other Allied men do. Miss America, as pictured in *The Sketch*, is a very winsome lady on the winning side; and her British bulldog, with his mouthful of American De Reszke cigarettes, is what the Americans call real 'cute. They love these pictures, which decorate many an impromptu mess-room and officers' quarters, on the fighting front as on the waiting fronts. By the way, from now on anyone who writes for one of these pictures below a De Reszke box-lid will have to send fourpence in stamps instead of twopence, to meet increased cost.

Stockingette and Suitability.

Suitability, suitability, and once again suitability is the essence of success in dress. This axiom was delivered by a leader in this apparently easy but really difficult matter of raising necessary clothing to the realms of art. Mercie McHardy, of 240, Oxford Street, whose costume department is 3, Princes Street, Oxford Circus, study the cult of suitability with a pleasant result in these days of stress. Their black wool stockingette models, with their chic touches of white, are just perfect for a country visit, and look

also quite in keeping with town surroundings. They are also supplied in other colours, with contrasting shades instead of white. There is a suitability, too, about their coats, costumes, sports coats, and blouses which recommends them to the knowledgeable in the matter of dress, because they are the right things just now, fitting in with the war atmosphere without emphasising it.



Purple Oriental satin with a mauve pattern is the material used for this jumper. The new and very attractive sleeves are of mauve ninon edged with fur.

Best for War Time.

Folk say that Harrogate itself is the tonic; the treatment and the cure are extras. There is truth in this, for people have gone there with friends who were doing the cure—themselves medically forbidden it—and Harrogate pursuits, and Harrogate herself have sent them south feeling and looking remarkably fit. There are lots of different kinds of waters and baths at this Spa; there is a good orchestra, *thés dansants*, drives, rides, and games. Anyone thinking of a recuperative visit will do well to write to Mr. F. J. Broome, Baths Department, Harrogate, before settling their plans. There are visits and visits, but the recuperative one is the best for war-time.

Tank You.

Gratitude of the real kind will be earned by the gift of a Mark Cross "Tank" hand-bag. First of all, it is new; then it is *chic*; and also you can find your possessions in it without "making hay"—a process we know so well in the case of ordinary hand-bags. The one thing needful seems to take a fiendish run in getting out of sight and touch. The newest "Mark Cross" is in the shape of a tank, and is fitted with a mirror and purse, and a loose pocket outside for papers. It is made in black or blue pin seal leather, and has about it an up-to-date air of real distinction. A gift of such a bag will earn a really sincere "tank" you!

A Magnificent Message.

The Queen's message to the fighting men was a stroke of that kind of genius that is born of a fine brave brain, a tender heart, and a splendid character. It heartened the men, and will hearten them. British men were not choked off their chivalrous feeling for their women even by Militant Suffragettes, and now that these have put their splendid energies into the winning of the war the old chivalrous feeling of the fighting men for the women they fight for is clear and undimmed.

"The Royal Academy, Illustrated."

The shadow of the war has, happily, not fallen upon that beautifully produced annual, "The Royal Academy, Illustrated" (Walter Judd, 97, Gresham Street, E.C. 2), which is a splendid half-crown's-worth of Burlington House art. The Royal Academy exhibition is admirably varied again this year; the R.A.s and the Associates have contributed characteristic works, and the war gives representations of famous soldiers and stirring incidents rather than pictures of its tragic phases. Landscape is finely represented, and there are pictures which "tell their stories" with skill and charm. "The Royal Academy, Illustrated" is a worthy record.



Purple-blue brocade embroidered in black and silver, with flesh-coloured tulle for the bodice, sleeves, and underskirt, and black velvet and crystal beads as further adornment, form a most alluring evening gown.

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"Durward"
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garment represents
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and Costumes, Post
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An attractive and useful Suit
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Town and Country wear. In
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A tasteful Coat with very smart
Skirt, suitable for town and
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In Cheviots, Serges, etc.

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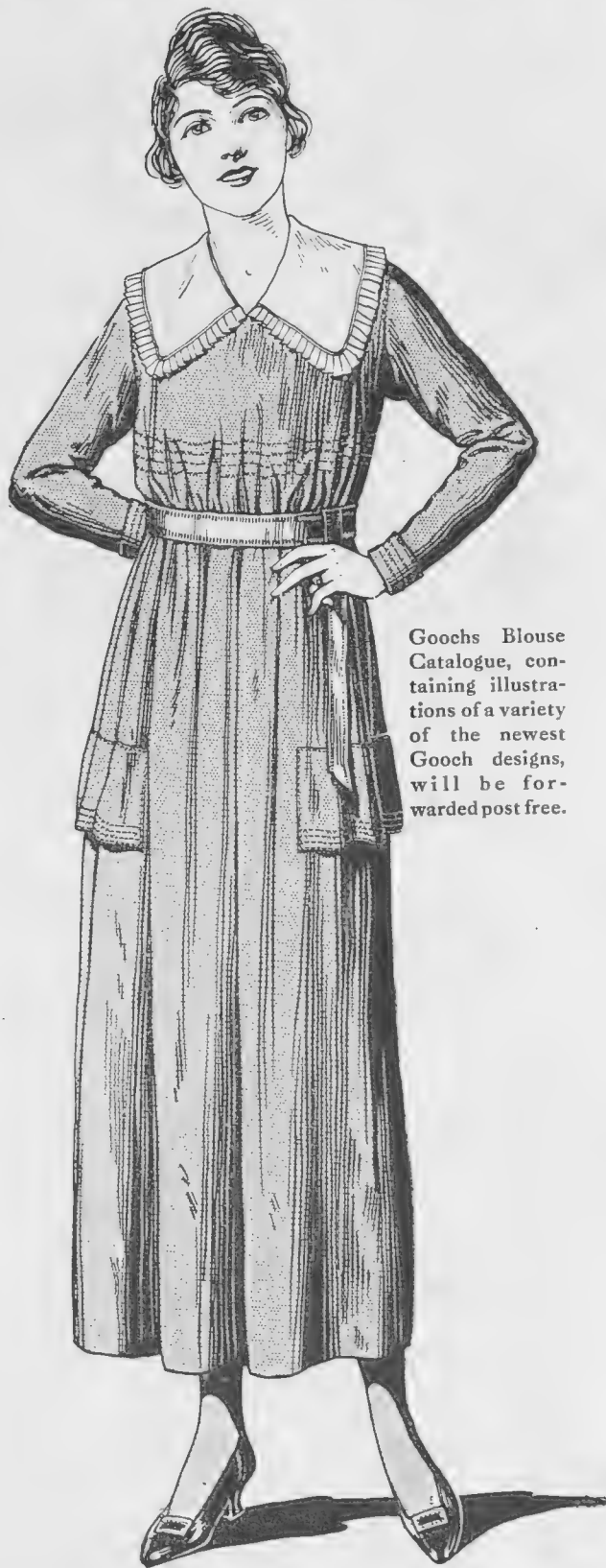
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of the newest
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will be for-
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Afternoon Gown in Crêpe-de-Chine, collar of ivory Georgette,
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fawn, and bottle - - -

As an example of the sheer good style at a strictly
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will probably constitute an acceptable invitation
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Practical Coats

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Dainty Crêpe-de-Chine Jersey Coat, with new shaped collar and revers, full skirt, gathered at waist. In a large range of delicate and useful colourings, including Pink, Sky, Buff, Helio, Black, White, Rose or Navy. Price 55/6



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Smart New Jumper, in fine Woollen Stockinette. Artistic and original design, embroidered with contrasting shades; also piped collar and cuffs. In many delightful colourings, including Helio/Champagne, Helio/Saxe, Navy/Gold, Purple/Helio, Sky/White. Price 57/6

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It is worth while not only on account of their low price but

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They are made in three styles: (1) buckle as illustrated here, (2) cross bar or strap and (3) in lace, both Oxford and Derby.

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There is no longer any need for a woman (or man, either) to look older than she (or he) really is. A famous French savant (a Member of the Paris Faculty, now serving with the French Red Cross), has discovered a method of restoring the lost colour to Grey, Going-Grey, and Faded Hair. By this method the hair colour is restored so perfectly as to be absolutely undistinguishable from the hair's own

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A Royal Princess writes: "'Inecto' has given me greatest satisfaction."

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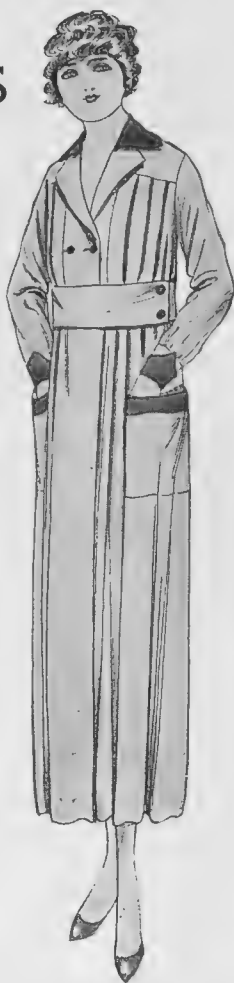


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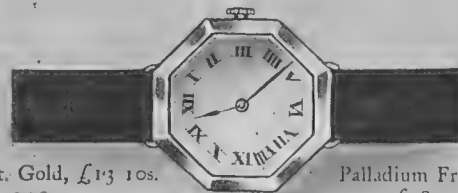
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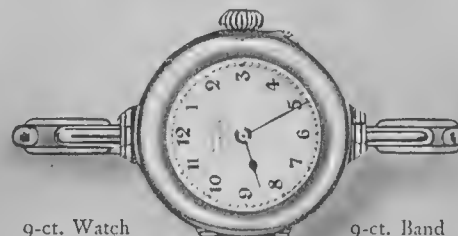
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Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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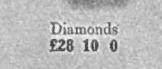
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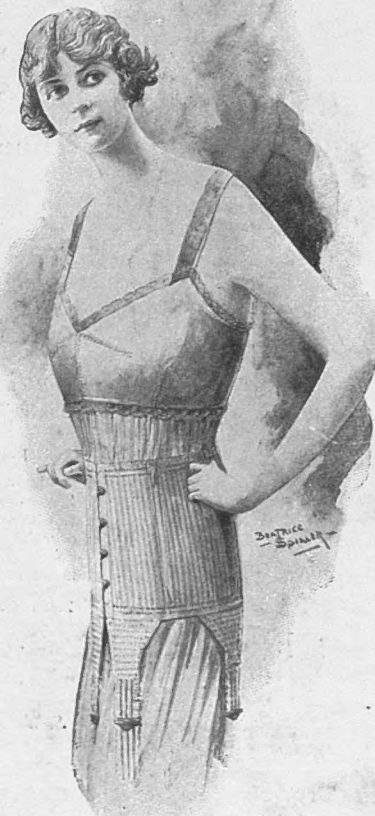
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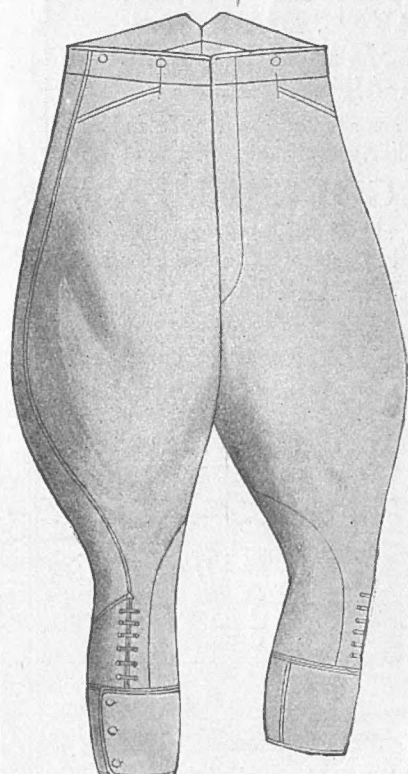
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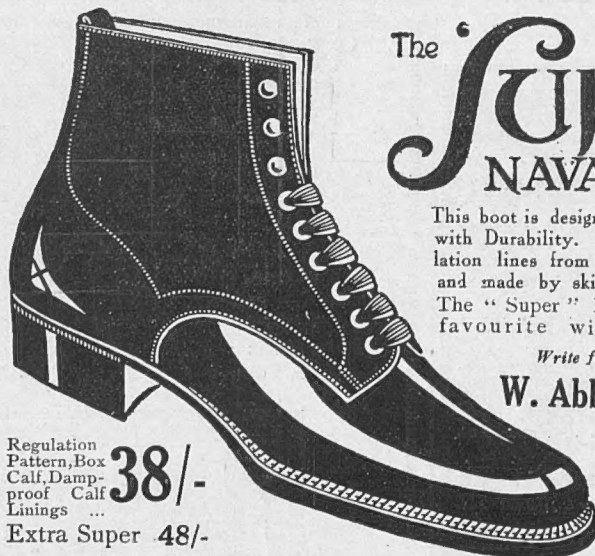
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